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N^o XVIII.

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MONTH

DECEMBER 1865.



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** * A new serial Novel, by the Author of "Constance Sherwood," called A STORMY LIFE; OR, QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL, will shortly appear in successive Numbers of the MONTH.*

Periodical Literature at Home and Abroad.

A RECENT article in one of our most famous and long-established monthly magazines* contrasts the English and French periodicals together, and gives the palm—at all events on the score of lightness and the predominance of amusing matter—to the former. Certainly there is a considerable difference between the brilliant pages of *Maga* and the substantial and, sometimes, hard reading which forms the staple of the great French periodical of which the writer chiefly speaks—the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and it is also a matter of wonder that the nation which is so often supposed to have carried to its highest perfection the cultivation of the more frivolous branches of art and literature should have so magnificent a specimen to show of the very highest and most solid literary excellence, while the grave and sombre children of the foggy climate of Albion should only have to compare with it the lighter and more elegant beauties of the *Cornhill*, *Blackwood* itself, and other similar magazines. At first sight, it would seem as if our light literature were ten times as light as that of the French. Possibly a philosopher might say that it is not unnatural, after all. We are so much heavier and duller by nature than our neighbours, that we require more pungent stimulants and more frequent doses of them. *They* have their champagne in themselves, and in their gay glittering life of enjoyment and conversation; we must have the article poured into us. Each nation looks to its periodical literature as an agreeable variety—something foreign enough to its ordinary habit of mind to supply it with excitement. At all events, if English magazines are more brilliant and less instructive than their French rivals, it cannot be because the English mind is of the two the less fitted for solid food, and that of the French the less naturally congenial to sparkling and entertaining diet.

In both countries the reign of periodical literature seems fairly established. Many minds and many pens, that might in former centuries have laboured in the composition and setting forth of ponderous folios or goodly quartos, and have seen the fruit of their labours ripen into print once or twice in a decade of years, are

* See *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, "French Periodical Literature."

now devoted to supplying the ephemeral demands of an insatiable public, which welcomes their productions with a feverish excitement,—the forerunner of a speedy and deep oblivion. Few of the silent sleepers on the shelves of our libraries repose with a more undisturbed rest than the old numbers of our magazines. But a whole world of writers is actively employed in manufacturing goods for the ever-craving market, with the fate of their predecessors before their eyes, content with a success as short as the life of a butterfly. Perhaps this statement requires limitation; for the same causes which have forced the most brilliant, and even in many cases the most learned and solid writers of our time, to enlist themselves among the contributors to our periodicals, have so far raised the standard of excellence in ephemeral literature, that many of the works thus produced piecemeal have been republished as wholes, and taken a place among the standard literature of the country. So, again, most of the more distinguished authors who have written in this way have afterwards collected their scattered essays. So rapid is, in ordinary cases, the tendency to oblivion with the mass of magazine literature, that the works thus republished seem to be usually welcomed by the public as so many new books.

It would be idle to lament over what cannot be hindered; and perhaps the great development of periodical writing in mass and importance has its bright side, as being at all events an indication of the progress of a taste for reading of some sort or other in ever-widening circles in modern society. Some of its evils are obvious on the very surface of the question; for it is clear that periodical literature multiplies the frequency of the demand made upon the powers and the acquired information of writers, who are forced to be ready by a given day, and must pour forth through a certain number of pages, whether there is any thing in them or not, like orators put up to speak at a moment's notice. The rapidity also with which the successive numbers of our periodicals appear promises but a short life to each particular number; and there is a natural tendency to take little pains about what will be so soon forgotten. The public has an instinct which always detects what is slovenly; no one can speak or write without having provided himself with matter and having thought over his subject, and not betray himself. A fatal facility has too often been ruinous both to authors and speakers. Men will not give much attention to what they feel has not been taken pains with; and consequently the public has got to look carelessly over much of the magazine writing of the day, because it feels that it has been carelessly produced. Then of course there is the further danger to writers in the temptation to make up by dash and

brilliancy for the absence of industry and thoughtfulness; and when the attempt is successful enough to please the public for the moment, it is sure to be repeated again and again; and so indolent affectation on the one side panders to lounging frivolity on the other.

But we are not inclined to make or to admit any sweeping charge of this kind against the periodical literature of our time. Of the millions of pages full of trash that issue from the presses of England in the course of the year, not the most worthless nor the larger part appear as portions of our magazines. On the contrary, as a general rule, and with the exception of certain subjects which hardly admit of being treated in the form of articles, and some few great works which survive the common fate of the immense majority of the books of each year, the magazines contain the cream of the literature of the day. Though the dangers of which we have just spoken certainly exist, and certainly operate for evil, there is in reality far more of sterling worth and high merit in our periodical literature than could be expected; and its average—not only in style and form, but in substance and matter—is very high, and seems to be rising rather than falling, because it is more than ever absorbing the literary power of the country. Many books are published simply to satisfy the ambition of the author to see himself in print: no periodical can be supported by any thing but public favour. Light and short-lived as are the articles in our magazines, they are subjected to far more of searching criticism before their appearance than many books of most classes, and all books of some classes. We may add a remark, which admits indeed of some exceptions, but is in the main, we believe, true,—that the magazine portion of our literature is the fairest and the least illiberal. Any Catholic writer must be aware that there is still a great deal of bigotry and recklessness of misrepresentation every where, for he has to meet it constantly with reference to the subjects which are most familiar to him; but the outrageous intolerance and wanton obliquity of judgment which sometimes disfigure the most powerful of our daily and weekly journals, are not often found in the department of which we are speaking.

Useful, therefore, and brilliant as is the periodical press of England, it may still be worth while to consider whether we may learn any thing from the comparison which has suggested our present remarks. The French are apparently content with a far smaller share of simple amusement in their magazines,—which indeed hardly answer in all respects to the publications which bear the name among ourselves. Their periodicals are far more of the "review" stamp; differing only from our Quarterly Reviews in greater freedom as to the admission of light matter, and of articles on subjects as distin-

guished from articles on books. They have often very good poetry; always a work of fiction, answering to the *feuilleton* of many of their newspapers; and they are incomplete without a special department devoted to bibliography and some kind of *résumé* of the news of the day, which is treated, however, historically rather than as mere news,—much in the same way as in the summaries of our weekly newspapers. We have been witnessing in the last few months an attempt to introduce into England a periodical of exactly that stamp which the writer in *Blackwood* seems to think too heavy for our atmosphere; and we trust that the permanent success of the *Fortnightly Review* will soon place it beyond a doubt that our public can appreciate the merits of this new claimant for its favour. It is usually very well written; and if its articles deal rather more with practical matters than those of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in France, we must take into consideration the far greater divorce between literary discussion and public action that must exist in the latter country as compared with our own. The *Fortnightly Review* is an attempt to introduce the foreign type exactly among ourselves. Its appearance is as much an innovation as that of the *Saturday Review* some years ago, which has been eminently successful as far as literary popularity is concerned, and would have been more so but for the cynical and ill-natured tone which some of its writers have affected, much to the injury of the rest. In both cases the projectors proceeded upon an hypothesis which we believe to be true,—that the time was come for treating the subjects of the day—even those of the gravest importance, and which require the greatest amount of thought and study—in a more popular form, and for giving in weekly or fortnightly publications something better than mere news, or in default of that, mere gossip. A great many years before either, a venture, or an innovation of the same kind, was made by the *Spectator* newspaper, which for a long time occupied alone the ground on which the *Saturday* and *London Reviews* have now placed themselves by its side, without undertaking to discharge with it the functions of a newspaper properly so called. In all cases, we believe, success has followed the attempt: a result due no doubt in great measure to the high ability that has been shown by the writers employed in these publications, but which even that could not have produced, unless there had been a large class of readers to welcome the new kind of food presented to them.

If our magazines have not, as a class, hitherto aimed at the high standard—in respect of the substantial character of the topics treated of in their articles—which has been attained in France by such publications as the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Correspondant*, the *Revue*

d'Economie Chretienne, and others, it has probably been because the same field of literature has been occupied, on the one hand by the Quarterly Reviews,—a class which, if it exists abroad, exists in comparative insignificance and unimportance,—and on the other by the set of weekly papers of which we have last spoken. The English magazines of the last century seem to have attempted every thing at once, and to have done duty for the reviews, magazines, and weekly papers of our own time. Then came the great quarterlies, which took up at once the position of leaders both in politics and literature, and dwarfed altogether the importance of the magazines, which had over them only the two advantages of appearing more frequently, and being more varied in their contents. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* enlisted the services of a set of literary giants, whose names belong to the glories of the English language, and are great enough to give to the Reviews with which they were connected a prestige, likely to last even beyond our own time, notwithstanding the decline of the class of periodicals of which they are the most conspicuous members, and the apparent evaporation of the party enthusiasm which at once stimulated the exertions of those earlier writers and made the applause of their readers certain. The days of these great literary despotisms have gone by, and the influence which was once centred in them exclusively is now shared by a large number of lighter organs of opinion, whose blows may not be quite so weighty, but have the advantage of being dealt with greater rapidity and frequency. A piece of ordnance that can only be fired off four times a-year is too heavy for the fastly-changing phases of modern opinion. We do not want siege-guns for skirmishes, but field-artillery.

Nevertheless, though the exclusive and even predominant influence of Quarterly Reviews has been impaired by the multitudinous developments of lighter literature, it would be a great mistake to consider them as unimportant or unnecessary features in our periodical system. They will always draw to themselves the most refined and matured productions of the intellect of the country; many of the most cultivated minds will never write in any thing more ephemeral; many great subjects will always be reserved, almost entirely, for treatment in their pages. They will always speak with a weight that will belong to no other class, as such, among periodicals, though there may be individual exceptions which almost rival them in authority. No party is thought complete till it has its organ among them; and it is from their tone that people will still form their surmises as to the probable direction that a policy may take, and their judgments as to the state of the educated opinion of the country.

Perhaps, however, the importance which they so early acquired has prevented them retaining their hold on the public mind: it has fixed them in their original form, and made them, as it were, too dignified to march with the times,—like old officials, who cannot divest themselves of the wigs and powder of a bygone fashion. If they could have condescended to be less stately; to admit a mixture of lighter articles; to open their pages to original fiction and poetry, at least occasionally; to add something like a *résumé* of current events and an account of recent publications; and, above all, to speak somewhat more frequently than once a quarter,—they might have still been as important in England as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and its imitators are in France, and they might still have left a wide field of the lightest literature open for other competitors, who might have courted the favours of the less serious part of the community with gay-coloured covers and a profusion of attractive illustrations. At present there is, notwithstanding the multitude of our reviews and magazines, a real want among us of something that may answer to the French type of which we have so often spoken. It used to be said in old days, that the *Quarterly Review* alone could always sell a book by a favourable notice. That particular Review, and its rival, the *Edinburgh*, may still have considerable power towards producing the same result; but we suspect that authors would now willingly compromise for the neglect or abuse of most Quarterly Reviews on the condition of a favourable criticism in the *Times*, the *Saturday* or *London Review*, or the *Spectator*.

The fortunes of the literary world have passed out of the hands of the quarterlies. But why should they be equally, if not more, independent of the magazines? The writers in our daily and weekly papers are often men of great cultivation and literary experience; but in most cases their reviews must be too short and, in many more, written at too brief notice, to give a perfect criticism on a book of any importance. At all events, there seems no reason why magazines of the class of which *Blackwood* is the type should not exercise more influence in the way of criticism than they do at present, as compared with many weekly journals. The majority of the magazines seem to have taken fright at the solemn gravity of the quarterlies, and rushed into the opposite extreme;—like young ladies who have been kept to great strictness and simplicity of dress at their boarding-school, and consequently rush into the most extravagant developments of crinoline and pork-pie hats when they gain their liberty. No doubt they find their account; for there is a large class of readers who care for nothing but amusement *pure et simple*. Far be it from us to grudge it them: we are

but saying that there is no more reason why all magazines should be nothing if they are not light, than why all reviews should be nothing if they are not heavy. The varieties of taste are numberless; and the very wide circle of readers to which English periodicals address themselves affords room for every speciality of character. If the success of the *Fortnightly Review* be assured, as we trust it is already, it can hardly fail to have an influence on the higher magazines, by indicating that they need not fear attempting a larger development of their more serious elements than they have hitherto ventured on.

We must, however, in all honesty add, that the critic in *Blackwood* has probably hit on the obstacle which, if any, might prevent the wide popularity of such a periodical as the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in England. The quarterly reviews may stand on a ground of their own; and to expect them to be simply amusing might be like asking a bishop of the Establishment to dance. But "because they are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" The lighter elements of the literary banquet have become indispensable, except on quarter-days; the monthly and weekly boards must be garnished with something more elegant than enormous ribs of beef and Yorkshire pies. Here, however, we may venture to put in a plea for more variety than it is sometimes our lot to find. Some years ago there was a controversy in the *Times* about London cookery, and complaints were justly made as to the great poverty of invention evinced by our housewives and their ministering cooks as to the lesser dishes,—a department which has been made the subject of so much profitable study in France. "*Taisez-vous donc*," said a great cook, when interrupted rudely in a sublime fit of abstraction; "*laissez-moi tranquille; je compose!*" His mind was full of the beautiful gradations, refined contrasts, balances, and compensations which the arrangement of his master's dinner was to exhibit. Perhaps we are too easily satisfied with our literary feasts as well as with our cookery. The lighter portions of some of our magazines seem to be sometimes arranged on no principle at all, or rather on that principle which was protested against by the Scotch servants, who used to stipulate with their masters that they should not be fed on salmon more than a certain number of days in a week. As the salmon is the first of dinner fishes, so the serial novel is the queen of light literary food. But there are other fish besides salmon; and it would be a thousand pities if it were to become established that no part of a magazine could be called light that was not a work of fiction. In many there are now two serials proceeding side by side, and sometimes more. Novel-reading has certainly attained enormous proportions in our

time; and it may also fairly be said that, with the exception of a bad school that seemed lately to threaten us with its predominance, novel-writing has answered the demand well, and arrived at a high state of perfection. But it seems to be forgotten that the serial novel is a specific kind under a larger genus. Here we want the Attic taste and fine sense of diversity which makes the French admirable critics as well as good cooks and dressmakers. Just as an ordinary English lady thinks that "any thing will do" for a side-dish or an *entremet*, and that nothing more is required to make a dress than so many yards of silk or merino, so we find an idea dominant in some quarters that any ordinary novel cut into slices will make a good serial. A slice, we suppose a good cook would say, is simply a fragment imperfect in itself, and very unbecoming as a feature on a dinner-table: a cutlet is a whole, with its own character and its own individuality. More attention might profitably be devoted to the "dressing" of the separate portions of a serial as they appear in a magazine; they ought to have the same kind of balance of parts and individual completeness as the successive acts of a good play. Then, again, to return to a different point—not every kind of novel is acceptable in this form. Think of one of Mr. G. P. R. James's historical productions coming out in successive issues of the *Cornhill* or *Temple Bar*! As we have elsewhere said, Mr. Trollope is the king of this kind of fiction; though we should be wrong altogether to exclude the more historical, or, again, the more romantic school. But something like the brilliancy of dialogue and the accurate drawing of character for which this writer is famous should be essential requisites in a serial, which we should be able to welcome as a pleasant entertaining companion for half an hour every month, and then to look forward to meeting it again after a few weeks, without being on tenterhooks all the time with the thought of some half-told catastrophe which is to turn out next month to be nothing at all. Some of our serial writers—and not the worst of them—are too fond of this unworthy trick. Some months ago we read of a lady who was left looking over her husband's shoulder at a letter he was reading, with the usual formidable array of asterisks at the end of the chapter; and when the four weeks came round, there was no catastrophe after all. Last year a prominent character was arrested for debt at the end of a chapter, with every appearance of treachery and inevitable ruin; when the monthly part came round again, it turned out to have been simply a device of the author to keep up a pleasurable excitement in the minds of her readers. These tricks remind us of the Princess Scheherazade; and the writers who perpetrate them, if they are not deficient altogether in the qualities which we admire in Mr.

Trollope, were at all events, in the novels to which we allude, too lazy to exert them. And as all these novels are reprinted afterwards in a complete form, those who have never read them as serials are naturally perplexed to understand what the authors can have been at.

Another fault which might profitably be corrected in the serial system is the great prolixity which is entailed upon writers, not exactly by the fact that they issue their novels piecemeal, but by the other concomitant fact that the novels thus issued are destined also to appear in the usual regular three volumes post octavo. Pollok, in his *Course of Time*, makes some celestial interlocutor in the next world say

"a novel was a book
Three-volumed, and once read."

Now, it may be only "once read," but it is certainly twice published; and that in two very different forms. Few traditions have been, in a certain sense, more convenient for publishers and authors than that which requires that a novel should as a matter of rule consist of three volumes; but the rule was made before the days of serials. Unless the magazines in which novels appear can afford to give them a large proportion of their available space every month, the three-volume condition in the second and more dignified phase of existence can only be secured by a great extension of the period of their gradual development in the pages of a periodical. Some novels of this sort last half as long as the American war; ministries and dynasties succeed one another, and their tale is yet untold; and, of course, it sometimes happens that our interest in them is gone before the last chapter is at length given to us. What conceivable reason is there why we should take nearly two years to read an ordinary story? At all events, the characters which remain before us for so long a time ought to be interesting in themselves and exquisitely drawn; there ought to be nothing slovenly or commonplace about a work every portion of which is to be considered and judged of by itself. The Fates have decreed that we must have serials; let them be good, carefully written, with a view to their particular mode of appearance, and—unless they are first-rate—let them not be too long.

Our periodical literature has attained its present grand proportions by the operation of causes which will probably continue to act, and so may carry it on to a still more brilliant future. It is becoming the favourite kind of reading in a language which, as time rolls on, is becoming more and more universal; and it is more and more drawing into its service the most cultivated minds among those by whom that language is spoken. It has therefore before it a prospect of ever-increasing usefulness and importance. It takes its tone and

modifies its form instinctively, according to the taste and genius of the people for whom it is written; but it may still consult foreign examples with advantage, and aim at taking its part in the formation and guidance of opinion and thought, without laying aside its gracefulness or its mirth.

γ.

Inquietus.

—o—

We put him in a golden cage
 With crystal troughs: but still he pined
 For tracts of royal foliage,
 And broad blue skies and merry wind.
 We gave him water cool and clear;
 All round his golden wires we twined
 Fresh leaves and blossoms bright, to cheer
 His restless heart: but still he pined.
 We whistled and we chirped; but he
 Trilled never more his liquid falls,
 But ever yearned for liberty,
 And dashed against his golden walls.
 Again, again, in wild despair,
 He strove to burst his bars aside;
 At last, beneath his pinion fair,
 He hid his drooping head and died!
 And so against the golden bars—
 Life's golden bars—our poor souls smite,
 Pining for tracts beyond the stars,
 Freedom and Beauty, Truth and Light.
 Those bars a Father's hands adorn
 With leaves and flowers—earth's loveliest things—
 With crystal draughts: but still we mourn
 With thirsting for the "living springs."
 Nor crystal draughts, nor leaves and flowers,
 The exiled heart can satisfy:
 We shake the bars; and some few hours
 We droop and pine, and then we die,
 We die! But O, the prison-bars
 Are shatter'd then: then far away,
 We pass beyond the sky, the stars—
 Beyond the change of night and day!

Reynolds and his Studio.

THE name and family of Albemarle must have always been gratefully associated in Reynolds's mind with the history of his own success. Not only was it to the kindness of Commodore Keppel that he was indebted for his Italian tour, but it was by a portrait of the same young officer, taken soon after his own return to London, that he achieved his maiden fame. Keppel was younger by a few years than Reynolds, and though the second son of an earl, in an age when rank was far more certain to procure promotion than it is at present, he might have fairly boasted that he did not owe his high rank in the service to fortune or the favour of the great. At ten he was in the navy; at eighteen he had gone round the world with Anson, who, struck by his gallantry during an unsuccessful engagement with the Spaniards, made him a lieutenant on the spot; at twenty he was appointed to the *Maidstone*, a fifty-gun frigate, and, meeting the enemy soon afterwards in French waters, he chased them so far towards the land, in the eagerness of pursuit, that his vessel struck. She was a wreck in a moment; but the energy and prudence by which he saved his crew more than atoned in the eyes of his country for the noble daring by which their lives had been endangered, and he was honourably acquitted by the court-martial which on his return to England tried him for the loss of the vessel. The year 1762 was a glorious one for him and his two brothers. They were all concerned in the conquest of the *Havannah*. Lord Albemarle commanded the land forces. General Keppel, the second brother, directed the siege of the *Moro*. The commodore shared with Pocock and Harvey the glory of the naval service. Later on, Keppel was on the court-martial which tried Byng, and exerted himself warmly, though unavailingly, in his favour—a fact which he must have remembered with especial satisfaction when, towards the close of his own career, he himself was brought, by private malice, before a tribunal of the same kind. Accused by Sir Hugh Palliser of negligence in a partial action of the Channel fleet with the French off *Ushant*, he was tried at *Portsmouth*, and honourably acquitted. Never was a more dramatic court-martial in the annals of our naval service. The very admirals who tried him could scarce preserve the impassive coldness due to their position as

his judges. The witnesses on his side gave their evidence with a fervour which carried all before it. Old Admiral Montague, questioned by Keppel himself as to the charge of negligence, burst into tears; and when his sword was returned to the prisoner, the pent-up feelings of the crowd, in court and out of court, found vent in a cheer for "little Keppel," as his sailors fondly called him, in which all, from the duke of royal blood to the lowest Jack-tar in the navy, joined with a right good-will. A signal-gun flashed the news to Spithead, and the ships responded with a glad salute. From its anchorage off Mother Bank the Indian fleet took up the note, and fired broadside after broadside in honour of the acquittal. Portsmouth was illuminated; and Keppel, surrounded by his friends, all wearing light-blue ribbons and a golden "Keppel" in their hats, was carried back in triumph to his lodgings. From Portsmouth the verdict flew to London, and London caught up the enthusiasm. Houses and public offices were lighted up, and a mob, which Pitt and Rogers and the Duke of Ancaster were not too proud to join, patrolled the streets. The house of his cowardly accuser was gutted, and its contents blazed that night as a bonfire in St. James's Square. Lords North and Bute, heads of the adverse ministry, had their windows broken; and it is said that Pitt had a share in the misdeed. The houses of Lords Sandwich, Mulgrave, and Lisburne fared no better, and the Admiralty gates were torn off their hinges. From one end of the land to the other "Keppel and Virtue" became the war-cry of the people. The hero, in fact, was no longer a hero, but an idol. Ladies wore caps "*à la Keppel*." Houses of general resort put down their old emblems to hoist his likeness. All the "Admiral Keppels" of public-houses date from this period; and the very spoons and tablecloths of the day, stamped with his name and motto, bear as sure witness to the general feeling in his favour as the "Long live Queen Caroline!" of cottage crockery in the reign of the fourth George prove the sympathy of England with his ill-treated wife.

True and loyal-hearted as Reynolds ever was, he no doubt shared to the full in the anxieties of Keppel's friends during the trial, and their joy at its happy termination. In his loving letter of congratulation to the commodore, he tells him that, calculating on the popularity of persecution, he had, without even waiting for permission, sent his picture to the engraver. The picture to which he alludes is doubtless the one he took of Keppel after his return from Italy, and which proved, as we have already mentioned, the foundation of his own artistic fame. In it Keppel is represented on a rocky beach; breakers are rolling in heavily from sea, and he is stepping from

the canvas with a vigour and energy of attitude and action which sufficiently tell the story, though not another man is visible, and not even a vestige of the wreck is seen. The picture, so far removed from the lifeless mannerism of his old master, Hudson, took the town by storm, and placed Reynolds at once at the head of his profession.

Two young lordlings, "just returned," says Walpole, "from their travels," sat to him immediately for a joint picture; commissions poured in from all quarters; he removed to a larger house in Leicester Square, and inaugurated his new mansion with a ball. On the marriage of George III., a few years later, Reynolds was chosen to paint three of the "fairest" of the ten beautiful bridesmaids who bore the train of the young Queen Charlotte. Of these three "fairest" the fairest was the Lady Elizabeth Keppel, and the most interesting to the painter, first, as the sister of his beloved commodore, and afterwards for the sad sorrow which fell upon her young life and blighted its early promise. She is painted in her state robes, and an attendant negress—whose upturned ebony face is in the happiest contrast with the carnation-like loveliness of the high-born girl—is holding up a massive wreath of flowers, with which, in allusion to the recent marriage, Lady Elizabeth is decorating the statue of Hymen. The portrait was not quite finished when she married Lord Tavistock, son of the Duke of Bedford; and three years after that event she was still sitting to Reynolds for the last touches to the picture. Reference to his pocket-book shows that she was to have been at his studio on the 11th of March; but the entry is effaced, and for a sufficient reason. Early in that month Lord Tavistock left his home for a few days' hunting. Young, high-hearted, prosperous, and rich, a long career of honour and happiness seemed to lie before him; and as he rode away that morning, kissing his hand in gay adieu to his wife and her lovely babes, there was not one perhaps of the merry hunting-band around him who would not gladly have exchanged places with him. Before the setting of that very sun he was brought back senseless, speechless,—in all but the fact that he still breathed, a corpse. The hounds had met at Dunstable, and a long and exciting run had followed. It was nearly over, when the marquis, a bold and eager rider, put his jaded horse at a low fence,—so low that a child on a pony might have safely cleared it. The animal was already overdone, took it loosely, fell, and, in an ineffectual effort to recover itself, struck its rider repeatedly on the head. He was brought home speechless; and on the 17th he died, in the third year of his marriage and the twenty-eighth of his age. The marchioness never sat again to Reynolds, and six months afterwards she died of a broken

heart at Lisbon. He finished the picture as he could without her; and many a weary thought he must have had as he glanced from his easel to the empty chair where he had seen her sit so often, serene and happy, and little thinking of the blow which was so soon to descend upon her happy home and to lay her in a foreign grave. This was in the year 1767, and in that which followed Reynolds was made President of the Royal Academy, just then starting into existence under the patronage of the king. George III. was in a measure compelled by the force of public opinion to this appointment; but he did not like Reynolds as a painter, and never sat to him when he could help it, giving as a reason for refusing him the study of the royal countenance, that "Reynolds painted red trees;" which it must be confessed he did, when an autumn sun was shining through their bronzed and withered foliage. Over and above these "red trees," it must be remembered that Reynolds was the fast friend and associate of all the great Whig Liberals of the day; a fact not likely to win him favour in the eyes of a monarch who, notwithstanding the tenure on which he held his crown, was as stern a stickler at heart for the "right divine" as any of the Stuarts. If, however, George III., true to his standard of meritorious mediocrity, chose to transmit his features to posterity by Ramsay's pencil, he had not, luckily for Reynolds, enough of Louis XIV.'s kingcraft in him to be able to persuade his subjects to follow his example. Women—ay, and men too—would flock to the painter, who, even while he preserved the likeness, could give them back their features more beautiful than nature made them, redeeming ugliness itself from its own reproaches by the happy knack he had of seizing upon whatever of intellect or benevolence the face was capable of expressing, and stamping it irrevocably on the mimic canvas. His studio became a sort of neutral ground, whither all parties and persuasions came without scruple or constraint; and Whig and Tory, peer and player, satin-robed duchess and shoeless model, all passed like dissolving views to and from his sitters' chair. Northcote tells us, in fact, that Reynolds always had some ragged child or picturesque-looking beggar—picked up perhaps in his morning-walk—ready for the occupation of an idle hour. It was thus that he painted his "Babes in the Wood," sketching his little sitter over and over again, until it slept for very weariness; and then he once more sketched it and left it on his canvas, prettier and more pathetic than ever in its dreamless slumber. Once, in the midst of this labour of love, a thundering knock announced a more important sitter, and the little wretch was hardly bundled off ere a stately duchess sailed in and seated herself in the vacated chair, while Reynolds received her with

his most courteous bow; and the "Devonshire boy," less equal to the occasion, turned aside to conceal his irrepressible grin, as he muttered in his broadest dialect, "If she did but know who had been there before her!"

Burke sat to him, and Wilkes, and Goldsmith, and Johnson, for many another picture besides that unlucky one which he denounced so fiercely, as being likely to fasten upon him in future ages the nickname of "blinking Sam." Sterne, with his wig awry; Garrick, standing uncertain between Tragedy and Comedy; Siddons queen of the former, Abington of the latter,—all owed their best likenesses to his pencil. Mrs. Bouverie sat to him for his shepherdesses in Arcadia, with her inseparable Mrs. Crewe—Crewe as prompt as she was pretty; for she it was who, at a great Whig gathering, where the Prince of Wales gave for a toast "True blue, and Mrs. Crewe," responded so happily with her "True blue, and all of you." The queen of fashion sat to him and the queen of song,—the beautiful Devonshire, and Eliza Lindley, recently married to Sheridan, a young man, as yet so unknown and in so doubtful a position, that the duchess, despotic though she was in her own dominions, and equally fascinated by the wife's beauty and the husband's wit, hesitated a good while before she stamped them as true metal in the world of fashion by inviting them to Devonshire House. Widow Horton came to his studio with the royal duke she had just won by her eyelashes,—a yard long, Walpole says they were; but let us hope it was an exaggeration. A long, gawky, unwise duke he was; awkward and ill-bred, as princes, "to the manner born," seldom are, and never ought to be; an unready duke, moreover, who, when his pretty wife insisted, *sotto voce*, on his saying something civil to the painter, could invent nothing brighter or better for the purpose than a "What! eh? so you begin always by the head, do ye?"

The Countess of Waldegrave came also with her royal prize, the Duke of Gloucester, who seems (to do him justice) to have been as fond and tender as his brother of Cumberland was brutal and overbearing. She had sat to Reynolds a little while before as a widow mourning for her departed spouse; she came to him now the radiant, though as yet unacknowledged, wife of a royal duke; and two or three years later Reynolds painted her, as he best loved to paint the beautiful young English mothers who crowded to his studio, with her infant daughter at her side. The picture is a lovely one; and the infant (afterwards Princess Sophia), a chubby little creature, rolling with her favourite lapdog on the ground, is one of the most beautiful even of Reynolds's beautiful portraiture of infancy.

Sir Joshua was just as much at home with the blues as with the

belles. Mrs. Montague he painted; and, harder task by far, he sat to Angelica Kauffmann for his own portrait, flirting with her gently all the while, and offering flowers and compliments in pleasant combination. Miss Carter he was civil to; and he went to see Hannah More's dullish tragedy many times, besides repeating her poem on a "House-dog" so often to his visitors, that some of them declared they knew it, without ever having read a line of it, by heart.

Every one knows how fond he was of "little Burney," and how proud she was of the devotion of her "dear Sir Joshua;" how Mrs. Montague thought it might "come to be a match at last;" and how "Fannikin" herself assures her "dearest sissy" that she could not think of accepting a man who had already had two "shakes of the palsy," and would doubtless require endless nursing before he took his departure for the next world.

These were all fair women, with fortunes as smiling as their faces; but there were others who sat to Reynolds with faces quite as fair, whom Fate had less kindly treated. Those who know the Barton collection of his paintings will remember such a face among them. A face beautiful, but not bright,—a face upon which we cannot gaze without feeling instinctively that for all her gay garb and brocaded silver, her heart must have been heavy as she sat to Reynolds for that picture. And so in truth it must have been; heavy and well nigh breaking. That look of woe was no mere mimic look assumed for the purpose of effect. She who gazes so sadly on us from the canvas was suffering even then worse, a thousand times, than her own death-agony, in the impending execution of her brothers. Her name was Kenedy, and she was a well-known beauty of the day, followed and flattered by half the young bloods about town. Her brothers had begun life as ale-house waiters; but rising with her rising fortunes, they found themselves on something like terms of intimacy with the Bunburies, the Selwyns, and the St. Johns, who fluttered round their sister. The society into which they were thus admitted was not more orderly for being select; and in one of the gentlemanly riots too common in those days, a watchman was unfortunately killed. The brothers Kenedy happened to be present, and were instantly pounced upon by justice. There was not a tittle of evidence to show that either of them had dealt the death-wound; but justice required a victim; and it was thought perhaps more expedient that two obscure individuals, whom nobody knew or cared for, should suffer for the good of society, than that the "curly-headed darlings" of fortune, who were probably the chief promoters of the riot, should be incommoded in their career of pleasure. The Kenedys, in short, were the "whipping-boys" of the party, and condemned ac-

cordingly to be hanged. The sentence was pronounced upon Friday, and was to be carried out on the following Monday. Their unhappy sister flew from one to another of her gay adorers, and they bestirred themselves (as well they might) to save her brothers. The Secretary of State was besieged by men who perhaps felt themselves as guilty as, or more so than, the wretches they were trying to beg off. The king was petitioned; the queen worried for mercy by the ladies of her court; and in the end a respite was obtained. There was even a report of an entire pardon; and then, like a clap of thunder, came the news that one brother was still to die, and the other to be sent to Maryland—a convict. The latter was at once removed to a ship about to sail for that country; and there Lord Fife found him (so he wrote to Selwyn), in a hole not more than sixteen feet long,—where fifty other wretches as miserable as himself were suffocating already,—a collar and padlock round his neck, and five villanous-looking ruffians chained to him like a leash of dogs. Every one but the sister despaired of further mercy; but she would not give in. Spencer, Carlisle, St. John, Walpole, were all appealed to, and the case became almost political—the City trying to hang both men, and Miss Kenedy's court-friends to save them. There was a fresh appeal. The ship, which had already sailed, was brought-to in the Downs, and, by virtue of a warrant from the Secretary of State, the body of Matthew Kenedy demanded. Again, and this time in double chains, he stood at the bar of the King's Bench, and once more was tried for murder. The widow appeared and gave evidence against him; the Bill-of-Rights Society clamoured for the blood of both the brothers, and Junius thundered against the misplaced mercy of the crown, which hesitated to take life for life. Still the sister would not despair. She wept and prayed; rushed in frantic sorrow from one to another of her titled friends, and at last succeeded. The brothers again were tried for murder, but this time their accuser did not appear. She had been bought off. Three hundred and fifty pounds was the price at which she fixed her silence; but she wept bitterly when she went to take it; and refusing to handle the gold which had been purchased by her husband's blood, made the attorney pour it himself into her outspread apron.

It was in the midst of all this fear and anguish that Miss Kenedy sat, at the request of Sir Charles Bunbury—whom she dared not refuse—to Sir Joshua Reynolds for her picture. No wonder the face is full of tragic woe. As an artist, Reynolds probably was not sorry to seize the expression of its anguish, and, as a kind-hearted man, to make it a means of enlisting her friends more entirely in her cause. He told Sir Charles that he considered it one of the best he had

ever painted, and that he had taken especial pains about it. He might, however, have said almost the same, as to pains, of any of his other pictures, for never was fashionable portrait-painter less self-asserting or more patient. He said himself of one of his pictures that there were five others—some better and some worse—beneath it. He never refused to alter or begin again at the whim or fancy of his sitter; and when caprice was carried too far, instead of resenting the impertinence, he quietly turned his deaf ear upon it.

So, for example, when the Duchess of Bedford came to his studio in a state of great excitement about her daughter of Marlborough's picture—which had just been finished and brought to town—and screamed out, "Sir Joshua, I don't think my daughter's head a bit like!" he heard her probably well enough, but he only bowed as if she had said the civillest thing in the world, and gave the stereotyped reply, "I am glad you like it; every one thinks it the best likeness I have ever taken." "But I *don't* think it like!" the duchess shouted; and then, finding that he still bowed and simpered, she turned in despair to Beechy, with her "Pray, sir, will you tell him I don't think it like?" Beechy was too young a man to venture upon such an unwelcome compliment; and some one else happening to enter the studio at the moment, the duchess applied to him for aid: "Sir, I cannot make Sir Joshua hear. Will you tell him I don't think it like?" The new-comer—probably an intimate of the studio—bawled the unfavourable verdict through the trumpet; and this time, compelled to understand, Sir Joshua merely answered, "Not like? then we will make it like;" and quietly resumed his painting.

The picture of which she spoke in this unceremonious fashion was probably a favourite with the painter, who had expended both time and thought upon it. It was one of those great family-portraits intended to commemorate every member, from the oldest to the youngest of the race, and he had been down to Blenheim to complete it. Personal beauty had been a gift in the Marlborough family for three generations, and we see it in this picture passing in exquisite gradation through all its stages; from the matronly dignity of the duchess down to the rosebud loveliness of the elder girls and the chubby beauty of the infants. The group of children in the foreground—one holding up a hideous-looking mask, from which the other shrinks in terror—is a happy illustration of the painter's art of catching a momentary expression in his subject. The child, not quite four years old, had been brought into the room to sit; but, seized with sudden panic, she clung, without turning round, to her nurse's garments, crying out, "I won't be painted! I won't be painted!" Sir Joshua sketched-in the attitude and ex-

pression on the instant; and to account for the child's alarm, introduced the elder of the little girls holding up the mask, and apparently amusing herself with the infant's terror.

His snuff-taking propensities while he was employed on this picture seem rather to have annoyed the duchess, and she one day sent a servant with a broom to sweep up the snuff, which he scattered about in all directions. But the painting-room was Sir Joshua's own dominion, in which he would suffer none but himself to rule; and he instantly ordered the man to desist, observing at the same time that *his* snuff would do less harm to *her* grace's carpet than *her* servant and the broom would do, by the dust they raised, to *his* unfinished picture.

We have reserved this anecdote for the last, because it seems to us highly illustrative of the way in which he preserved his own position as a gentleman, as well as an artist, with the highest of his employers. He never forgot what was due to others, but he expected them to remember in their turn what they owed to him; and to this manly independence of thought and action we must mainly attribute the fact that, of the crowds which entered his studio as sitters only, few left it excepting as intimates and friends. And what friends he had! Their very names are a sufficient eulogium on the man. Keppel loved him as a brother; and their friendship, commencing in the early dawn of manhood, remained bright and unclouded to its evening close. Burke waited on him in his death-bed hour, and left a long and pathetic account of his last moments. Goldsmith turned to him more tenderly even than he did to Johnson. There is nothing indeed in the life of Reynolds more pleasant to record than the unostentatious kindness with which the successful painter treated the less fortunate, though even more gifted, poet. All that we know of the intercourse between these two men shows kindness on the one side and gratitude on the other. Johnson likewise loved his "Goldie" dearly, and permitted no one to abuse him but himself. It is to the eternal honour of Reynolds that he asked for himself no such savage monopoly. When poor Goldsmith was dead and gone, the great Doctor said, and said most truly, that Goldsmith's friends had loved him too well. They loved him in fact so well, that they treated him as a child, and talked of him as an "inspired idiot," certain that, however keenly he might feel the gibe, he would retort it in no unkindly or resentful spirit. Reynolds alone had neither gibe nor sneer to fling at him. Beneath the uncouth form and hesitating speech he discerned the sensitive mind, the heart yearning for tenderness, and yet shrinking from the mocking spirit in which it was too often offered; and he not only gave

the poet the love he craved so eagerly, but he gave it to him with a respectful deference, which—as a far rarer boon—must have been even more welcome to him than love. To Johnson's friendship for Reynolds we have already alluded. No one ever took a surer measure of his man than Johnson, and he valued Reynolds equally on his qualities of head and heart. Perhaps, indeed, he never paid a higher compliment to the intellect of any man than he did to that of Sir Joshua, when—the prince himself of talkers, and not too willing therefore to act the listener's part—he said that he “liked to hear Reynolds talk, for he never spoke without putting him in possession of a new idea.” Reynolds repaid this loving admiration with interest. His heart, his purse, and his house, were ever open to him. He exerted himself warmly and efficiently to obtain such an increase of his pension as might enable him to recruit his failing health in Italy; and when all hopes of longer life were over, and the great moralist lay upon his deathbed, it was to Reynolds, more almost than to any one, that he turned for sympathy and support. It was to Reynolds that, in the long watches of the night which he passed beside his bed, he imparted his anxieties concerning the life departing from him, and his hopes of that upon which he was about to enter; and it was to Reynolds finally, that, in conjunction with a few other friends as faithful and as fond, he confided the execution of his last wishes, and the care of consigning his body to the tomb.

The same sweet equability of temper which won Reynolds friends enabled him to keep them. Totally free from the petty vanity which so often makes genius irritable, he never lost a friend except by death; and his only enemies were the men who envied him his success. Even they were often forced to confess that he wore his honours meekly. He enjoyed them, as Burke said, but they did not spoil him; and the calmness with which he received the smiles of Fortune never deserted him when she frowned. For though his life seemed, and was in reality in all substantial matters, one long success, it had, as every human life must have, its darker moments. Compared indeed to the trials of many of his compeers, his were but as the crumpling of rose-leaves; yet were they, and that even because of their minuteness, of the very kind which most thoroughly tries a man, and proves him to be gold or dross. Though the king had knighted and appointed him to the office of court-painter, he never liked or patronised him as an artist. Royal disapprobation on a subject on which royalty might fairly be presumed ignorant would not be much heeded now; but in those days it was deemed so deep a slur upon artistic talent, that the President of the Royal Academy threatened to resign the post if majesty did not honour him by a

sitting, which majesty accordingly did, thus threatened, though with a very bad grace indeed.

Gainsborough quarrelled with him early in his career; but repenting of it dying, he sent to Reynolds, who visited him on his deathbed. Barry abused him brutally. And last, not least, his own academical children proved unruly, and forced him to resign. This quarrel with the Academy was probably the severest trial of his life; and it came upon him at a moment when he was least able to endure it—when the loss of one eye and the partial failure of the other had compelled him to give up painting; when the death of many of his oldest friends must have warned him that his own sands were running short, and that a few brief years of bitterness and sorrow were all that interposed between him and the grave; when, in fine, he was touching on the age at which men are most jealous of their authority, perhaps from the consciousness that they will soon be compelled to resign it for ever! And this was the moment when the Academy—his own creation, and the object of his life for years—chose to quarrel with him and set him at defiance. He went there to oppose what he deemed injustice towards a candidate for its honours,—a Catholic and a foreigner,—and was met by such a spirit of determined hostility that he sent in his resignation on the spot. But the king for once did him justice, and refused to accept it; the Academy, ashamed of its own violence, petitioned him to resume his functions; and, true to his peaceful and forgiving temper, he consented to their prayer. This was the crowning glory of his life: after that the shadows deepen.

The year before his rupture with the Academy he had laid down his pencil never to resume it; and now his health began to fail him, and the fear of total blindness told sadly on his spirits. "I am very glad to see you again, and I wish I could see you better; but I have only one eye left, and hardly that," was his greeting to Miss Burney in almost the last visit that she paid him. It was the nearest thing to a murmur probably that he had uttered yet, for his quiet patience never failed him. Afraid to paint, to read or write, he received thankfully the kind offices of the friends who dropt in continually to read or chat with him, or he worked away unweariedly at mending and cleaning his beloved pictures, or amused himself with a pet canary. Six months after that interview with Burney he passed quietly away from earth, full of years, of honours, and of wealth, and surrounded by the friends whom he had loved tenderly in life, and who clung to him as tenderly in the hour of death.

He left a name of which his country may well be proud; for in spite of defective drawing and evanescent colouring,—in spite too

of the ugliness and oddity of the fashions with which he had to contend,—there was a magic in his pencil, a beauty in his pictured women, a vigour and energy in his men, which redeemed portrait-painting from the cold conventionalism into which it had fallen in the hands of Hudson and Vanloo, created a new era for art in England, and won for himself no mean place in history among the great portrait-painters of the world.

Translation from Wordsworth.

SMALL service is true service, while it lasts ;
 Of friends, however humble, spurn not one :
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

Latinè.

Tu cave, quantumvis humilem, asperneris amicum ;
 Sit tenue, at verum est, dum manet, officium :
 Floris in exiguâ, quam circum projicit, umbrâ,
 Guttula Phœbeo tardior igne perit.

Q. C.

Government Annuities.

It certainly cannot be said that the working-classes in England are a provident race. They are decidedly less so than the rich. However well-to-do they may be in their way, it is with difficulty they can be induced to lay-by for a rainy day. They love to indulge at their own cost in eating, drinking, and fine clothes. Many of the lower orders buy delicacies when first in season, and prefer living in squalid discomfort to practising systematic thrift. When they join clubs and provident-societies, it is often more for the sake of jollity and carousing than for the maintenance of their families in case of their falling sick.

It is not so in France. Those who were in Paris in 1859, and saw the crowds of working-men that pressed eagerly to deposit their savings at the several Bureaux, when the Government called for a loan, will never forget the sight. There was nothing remarkably favourable in the conditions offered, and the cause which demanded the supplies was by no means universally popular. Nothing but the wish to husband their resources to the best advantage can account for the alacrity of the people on this occasion. If you see a young unmarried woman in France at the wheel, and ask what she is spinning, she will probably answer, "*Je file mon mariage.*" And what does she mean by spinning her marriage? Simply that she is preparing her *trousseau*. It will take her some years to complete; for when she marries, she is expected to provide her own linen, house-linen, and half-a-dozen shirts for her husband. It is no wonder, therefore, that the shepherdess in Normandy cards with her own hands the wool from the few sheep that feed freely on the cliff's slope, washes it white as snow, spins it at home, and in her leisure hours knits all her camisoles, shawls, and stockings. Economy is with her a habit and a principle; and you would find it as difficult to dissuade her from acting thus, as to induce an English girl in the same condition of life to imitate her example. Every gentlewoman amongst us knows that the hardest task she has met with in her round of benevolence has been to persuade her young servants, tenants, and school-girls, to eschew finery and learn to be frugal and saving.

It cannot be denied that of late years the interest felt by the rich for the condition of the poor has been greatly on the increase. The East and West Ends have become better acquainted; and if class-distinctions are as pronounced as ever, they at all events occasion less bitterness. It is almost the fashion now in higher circles to patronise the cause of the poor; and though a good deal of sentimentalism may be mixed up with better motives, the results are on the whole beneficial to society. Intelligent earnestness in the main prompts and sustains the activity in question. Reflecting persons are now alive to the fact that the labouring classes want instruction, not merely in religion, reading, writing, and arithmetic, but in still more commonplace matters, in which they are, notwithstanding, utterly at sea—that they need guidance and encouragement, in short, in the commonest arts of life, and in the management of their own affairs. The Post-office Savings-bank has been admirably contrived for this purpose. The plan is wise as a whole, and its details have been well worked out. It is only by degrees that the public will be made sensible of the advantages it offers; for we are, as a people, rather slow in taking-in a new idea or contracting a fresh habit. Those who have hitherto availed themselves of its provisions are delighted with the experiment. It has brought happiness to many a home, and the thrift it has fostered will bear fruit in years to come. A glance at the Report of the Postmaster-General will show how many hundreds in every part of the country have profited by it. The money hitherto invested has come from persons who, before the time of this national institution, were not in the habit of investing money. To them, therefore, it is pure gain. The aggregate sum is made up of small amounts, some of which proceed from the poorest districts. It is also encouraging to observe that, while so large a sum has been deposited in the Post-office Bank, the old-established savings-banks have suffered very little diminution of their income. There cannot be a more convincing proof that, unthrifty as the working-classes have hitherto been, there is now a disposition among them to turn over a new leaf, and that it needs only to be encouraged in order to its becoming far more general.

The object of this paper will be to show, in a practical manner, the nature and scope of the Post-office Savings-bank system, and to place such readers as have not yet inquired into the matter in a position to advise and instruct any of their dependents who may wish to be annuitants.

There is a twofold advantage to be reaped from the institution in question. First, it affords means for the purchase of small annuities; and secondly, for assuring payments of money at death, under go-

vernment security. Up to the present time, thousands of persons have been deterred from investing their savings by the insecurity of village-societies and county-banks. They choose rather to intrust their little all to an old stocking or a drawer-corner. To join a friendly society with uncertain wages would have been a hazardous speculation, since in that case stated sums must be paid at regular intervals. In the event of non-payment on any occasion, the defaulter would be struck off the list of members, without any advantage from the money he might have paid in for years. In this manner many aged persons, who had been paying-in during the greater part of their lives, lost, through some specially trying season, all claim on the society, and saw the savings of long years of frugality swallowed up at one fell swoop of misfortune. The Royal Liver Society, Liverpool, reported last year 70,000 lapsed policies out of 130,000; and the Friend-in-Need Society reported 18,000. Thus, in one year a great gain accrued to the society, and a melancholy loss to many of its members. Nor was this the only suffering to which members were exposed: after subscribing for years, they often found such societies hopelessly involved. Scarcely one society could be found in which a poor man could safely invest his savings. Much of the improvidence rife among the labouring classes was due to this cause rather than to their own unwillingness to put by. The larger and respectable insurance-companies, of which the middle classes avail themselves, scarcely affected the labouring poor at all. The directors of these admirable institutions would have acted wisely if they had adapted their tables to a working-man's means; but they did not think it expedient; and we have therefore reason to be grateful to Mr. Gladstone for having devised a scheme by which artisans and huxters may safely provide for the future, and escape the degrading prospect of being beholden to charity or the workhouse in sickness and old age. The measure, which is now in full operation, has an immense range, and may well be called "the first blow at pauperism." If understood and trusted, it will effect more for the people than the cheap loaf; and will develop in the English character that virtue of thrift in which our poor are so sadly deficient.

It appears, from the government tables, that the annuity branch is framed for—

1. The purchase of an immediate life-annuity, payable half-yearly, of not less than 4*l.*, and not more than 50*l.* For this a single payment is required.

2. The purchase, by a single payment, of an annuity of not less than 1*l.*, or more than 50*l.*, and payable half-yearly, on and from the second quarter-day next following the expiration of a term of years,

the condition of the purchase being that no part of the purchase-money can in any event be returned.

3. The purchase, by an annual payment throughout a term of years, of an annuity of not less than 4*l.*, or more than 50*l.*, payable half-yearly, without any part of the purchase-money being in any case returnable.

4. The purchase by a half-yearly, quarterly, monthly, fortnightly, or weekly payment, continued through a term of years, of a monthly allowance of not less than 4*l.*, and not more than 4*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* to commence on the first day of the month next following the expiration of such term of years, on condition that no part of the purchase-money shall in any event be returned.

5. The purchase by a single payment, or by an annual payment for a term of years, of an annuity of not less than 4*l.*, and not more than 50*l.*, payable half-yearly, after the expiration of a term of years, the conditions being that if the proprietor dies before the annuity becomes due, the purchase-money will be returned to his representatives; and that if he should, during his life and before the annuity becomes due, desire the purchase-money to be returned to him, it shall be returned.

6. The purchase by a half-yearly, quarterly, monthly, fortnightly, or weekly payment throughout a term of years, of a monthly allowance of not less than 4*l.*, and not more than 4*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, on condition that if the proprietor should die before the monthly allowance becomes due, it will be paid to his representatives; or if during his life he should desire the purchase-money to be returned to him, he may receive it.

The assurance on lives may be effected—

1. By payment of a single premium.
2. By payment of a premium annually, throughout the whole life of the person insured.
3. By payment of a premium half-yearly, quarterly, monthly, fortnightly, or weekly, until the insured person shall have attained the age of sixty years.

After this dry enumeration of cases and conditions, it will be more interesting to inquire to what classes of persons the tables are capable of affording assistance. They are evidently five:

1. Those who, though straitened in their annual income, are fortunately possessed of a little money, which they are desirous of investing on good security, to bring them immediate returns.

2. Those with scanty wages, but some small capital, who are desirous of profitably investing their little hoard against the day of adversity.

3. Those who have no capital except their own strength, but whose wages would enable them to lay-by a trifle every week to assist them as they advance in years, or to maintain them when past the possibility of work.

4. Those who, having their families dependent on them for support, are willing to practise such self-denial as may ward off the utter poverty that would otherwise fall on those they love, if they were to be suddenly removed from them by death.

Lastly, the tables afford facilities to those employers who wish to make some provision for faithful servants. This kind purpose they may now accomplish in an easy and economical manner.

In starting a new project capable of vast extension the Government was naturally anxious to proceed with great caution. The terms it offers cannot be said to be particularly generous, or even low, since the rate of interest reckoned in apportioning the premiums for life-assurance is only 3 per cent, while a charge of 20 per cent is made to cover expense of collecting all payments at short intervals, that is, all made oftener than annually. The scheme therefore presupposes the virtue of thriftiness in a considerable degree, and every advantage it offers must be purchased at its full price. Its solid recommendations consist in the security guaranteed, and the convenient modes of payment.

Let us now see in what way an industrious person may appropriate the benefits held out in Mr. Gladstone's measure. John Hodge, just seventeen years old, has already some notion of settling in life, and would like to leave behind him a hundred pounds when he dies. Well, he pays a single premium of 7*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* This sum will secure 20*l.* payable at his death. At the age of twenty John has a little more money in hand, and would like to increase the assurance to 30*l.* Nothing is easier. He pays in 3*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*; and if at the age of twenty-three he pays 2*l.* 0*s.* 9*d.* more, he raises the assurance to 35*l.* At twenty-five he pays 2*l.* 2*s.*, and the sum in prospect is increased to 40*l.* Thus, year after year, he invests at his convenience some trifling amount, till at last he stands assured for 100*l.* I do not think his case is a common one, yet it might occur.

It is by the annuity-tables—particularly those on the deferred principle—that the industrial classes are most benefited. They strike a blow at pauperism and poor-rates, which must effect great results in course of time. The deferred-annuity system is almost the only plan by which the class who live by wages can provide with certainty for the time when age will unfit them for daily toil. Its tables are arranged so as to meet every condition in which the upper section of

the industrial poor can be placed. A few examples will put the matter in a clear light, and assist any one who may wish to invest for himself or others.

Mr. Joseph Hoard is a clerk receiving 100*l.* or 125*l.* per annum. He pays the yearly sum of 9*l.* 12*s.*, or 16*s.* per month, as he may prefer, from his twenty-fifth to his fifty-fifth year; and he is rewarded for his thirty years' frugality by receiving for the rest of his life, without any further payment, the sum of 46*l.* 10*s.* a year. For a further consideration of 2*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* per annum, from the age of twenty-five to sixty, Mr. Hoard could assure 100*l.* also, payable at death.

Thomas Husband, a mechanic, earns from 30*s.* to 35*s.* a week, and though he cannot deduct as much as Mr. Hoard from his yearly expenditure, yet the tables will accommodate him. Perhaps he can manage to save 2*s.* a week. In this case, if he pays it steadily from the age of twenty-five to sixty, it will secure him, as nearly as may be, 18*s.* a week for the rest of his days. With this income Thomas will be raised above a thousand cares, and many of his neighbours will envy him the comforts he enjoys. Every one will be kind to Thomas, and respect him for his thrifty ways; and thus he will be doubly rewarded for his prudence and forethought. Of course he is not limited to the figures here set down; but he cannot secure more than 50*l.* a year.

The life of females being less precarious than that of men when once their prime is past, they are obliged to pay heavier premiums in order to secure the same advantages. They ought not to complain of this, seeing that the chances of long life are on their side. Let them not be satisfied, however, with living longer on the average than men do; let them remember also that women who enjoy annuities live longest of all. This is a serious and well-attested fact. Nearly half the female paupers in the unions have been servants, and of this latter class a very large number might, if so minded, secure for themselves 25*l.* a year from the age of sixty till death. To accomplish this, however, they must be able to pay down, at the age of thirty, rather more than 42*l.*, and must continue to pay 2*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* per annum during thirty years.

Persons who desire to insure their lives or to purchase government annuities would do well to buy—as they may at almost every post-office—the “Plain Rules,” printed by Spottiswoode, for their guidance. The tables have met with universal approbation; and periodicals addressed to widely-differing classes of readers—such as the *Social Science Review*, the *Spectator*, the *Leisure Hour*, and the *News of the World*—unite in recommending them to the industrial

poor. So also, as I am informed, do the clergy in general, whether Catholic or Protestant.

There is one member of society to whom the government-annuity system holds out peculiar attractions,—I mean the governess. Accustomed to have comforts around her, and being often superior in birth and education to those by whom she is employed, she is haunted through life by the dread of that period when her strength will fail, and she will no longer have any adequate means of support. With all her contrivance she can see no prospect of saving capital the interest of which will suffice for her subsistence. She will learn, therefore, with gratitude and hope, that the real effect of the Post-office Savings-bank, apart from small details, is to give to persons who save for deferred annuities more than five times the interest on the sum they might have had if they had heaped the same savings up in a bank, and six times the income it would purchase if hoarded in a box.

Let us imagine a case. Miss Sarah Slavelly is just thirty years of age, and is earning only 40*l.* a year; but as she lives in the country and need not spend much on dress, she can pay into the government savings-bank 9*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* a year, and by this means secure to herself an income of 50*l.* per annum when she reaches her sixtieth year. She knows indeed a tutor and a poor clergyman, each of whom purchase the same pleasant prospect for 7*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.* a year; but they are men, and she must pay for the privilege of belonging to another sex. But perhaps Miss Slavelly has a little money in hand: her aunt has left her 40*l.*, and she has saved up 45*l.* This will exactly do. She has only to make a single payment of 85*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* in order to secure her 25*l.* a year for life at the age of sixty. But suppose she will combine the two methods, which is far best: by the payment once for all of 85*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.*, and a yearly payment of 4*l.* 8*s.*, she may insure an income of 50*l.* per annum for her old age. It is not much, it is true, but equal nevertheless to 1000*l.* at 5 per cent, and far beyond utter poverty. Besides, Heaven helps those who help themselves. Mary Corby, the governess in a tale of Henry Kingsley's, says that when the children are asleep, she sits and sews and thinks, building her Spanish castles. The highest tower in her castle has risen to this,—that in her old age she "should have ten shillings a week left her by some one, and be able to keep a canary-bird, and have some old woman as pensioner." The English government has now put it in the power of almost every governess to realise Mary Corby's dream, and that by a thrift of less than two shillings a week.

The principal objection that will be urged to the practical ope-

ration of this scheme lies in the great difficulty labourers have in saving out of their wages. "Times are hard," they say: "meat is at an enormous price; rents are very high; children are growing up, and the expense of keeping them increases daily." All this cannot be denied; yet it is certain that if the man who thus complains when earning thirty-five shillings a week were compelled to live on thirty-three shillings, he would manage to do so. The thing, then, to be tried is this: he must resolutely suppose the lesser sum to be the maximum of his earnings, and put away the remainder. He may find this hard to do at first, but most things become easy by practice; and when once he feels himself fairly on the road to competence, and coming nearer to the point every day of his life, he will go on his way merrily, and drop his qualification shillings in the postmaster's treasury with an air of triumph.

There are certain persons—few in number comparatively—who are excluded from the beneficial scheme in question. They consist of innkeepers or beersellers, butchers, miners, and others whose occupation is supposed to be dangerous or unhealthy: special tables, however, to meet their case are now under consideration. But another shortcoming in the system is not likely to be so easily supplied. The terms it requires are too high to render it of material benefit to the great body of the agricultural population. The farm-labourer who earns but ten shillings a week, and has also a large family to support, could hardly be expected, strive as he might, to amass a sum sufficient to purchase by a single payment an insurance or a deferred annuity, or to save even a shilling a week: yet how many thousands in England are precisely in this condition! Let us hope that something may be done to suit their case also; and in the mean time let us joyfully accept a measure so evidently tending to promote habits of thrift for the present, and honest independence for the future, and prove our gratitude by making ourselves better acquainted with the conditions required, and recommending their adoption to those poorer shopkeepers and higher mechanics and labourers over whom we may have any influence.

A few Words about Smoke.

THOSE who have never had occasion to examine the subject can hardly conceive the amount of ingenuity and industry which has been brought to bear upon the appliance of coal to the purposes of warming and cooking since its introduction to domestic use in this country. The subject has a literature of its own; and men eminent in science and in the learned professions figure in it either as inventors or improvers. Mr. Edwards,* indeed, reminds us that it is a matter not only of domestic but national importance, by citing the alarming remarks made by Sir William Armstrong, at a recent meeting of the British Association, on the probable duration of our coal-fields; and though we believe that more recent researches have tended to mitigate, if not altogether to dissipate, the apprehensions which those remarks have occasioned, we are all interested to know, not only how long our coal will last, but how to economise and make the best use of it while it remains to us; and if meteorologists are right in predicting that we are about to enter upon a winter which will compensate by its severity for the extraordinary warmth of the past summer, the subject appears not to be unseasonable.

The preliminary question to be decided is, whether we are to continue, as at present, to warm our rooms by open fireplaces, or by stoves and pipes conveying hot air, or hot water, through the several apartments of a house. Count Rumford and Dr. Arnott, the two chief authorities on the subject, recommend the latter mode as being absolutely preferable, and pronounce against open fires as an insular prejudice. It must be admitted that the fire-grate can never become the most perfect contrivance for warming our apartments; for heat always diminishes so rapidly with the increase of distance, that it is impossible it should give that equality of temperature which can be gained by the use of hot-water pipes, by which hot air is supplied to a room at various points. Nevertheless the open fire possesses advantages which are peculiar to itself. Suited to our climate, and

* *Our Domestic Fireplaces*: a treatise on the economical use of Fuel and the prevention of Smoke; with observations on the Patent Laws. By Frederick Edwards, jun. London, 1865.

A Treatise on Smoky Chimneys, their Cure and Prevention. By Frederick Edwards, jun. London, 1865.

ingrained by prescription in our national habits and tastes, it can be stimulated in a few minutes to give additional heat when needed. When we are chilled by exposure to the outer air or a cold room, we all know the satisfaction and bodily comfort we derive from proximity to a fire; nor can we disregard the question of cheerfulness in a country identified with gloomy skies, fogs, and easterly winds. Mr. Edwards considers the question settled in favour of the English fireplace by the unanimous consent of our people, and professing his own attachment to it, hopes it may never be banished from our homes.

This question being disposed of, the next point is to construct our fireplaces in such form and of such materials as to enable us, with the greatest economy of fuel, to throw the largest amount of radiant heat into the apartments they are intended to warm. In this respect little or no improvement has been made since the time of Count Rumford; an Englishman who, in the end of the last century, brought the common fireplace to perfection, and by his writings endeavoured to secure the universal adoption of his improvements. In this last-named attempt, however, he only partially succeeded; and one of the principal objects which Mr. Edwards has in view in his present publications is to bring these improvements again before the public, and induce us to reject the common fireplaces, constructed upon the most noxious principles, which the wholesale manufacturers supply to the trade from their emporiums in Thames Street. The householder generally leaves the selection and arrangement of his fireplaces to the builder; a cast-iron grate, with all its appurtenances of the same material, saves the builder all trouble in setting it up; and the wholesale manufacturer merely looks to "*supplying the demand*," without reference to the perfection of the article produced—*hinc illæ lacrymæ*.

Mr. Edwards gives us a full account of the simple but scientific principles upon which Count Rumford constructed his fireplaces; and the whole of his work is illustrated by plates, taken from the specifications deposited in the Patent Office, giving us the clearest insight into the peculiarities of the different fireplaces recommended. We may say generally that a fireplace should be made with as little metal in its composition as is possible: the fire-bars and bottom of the grate cannot well be made of any thing else; but as the object of a fireplace is to *reflect* heat, and the property of metal to *absorb* it, no quantity of metal can be brought in contact with the fire without a proportionate loss of radiant heat to the chamber it is intended to warm. The best material that can be used for the purpose is fire-stone or common brick. The grate should project as much as pos-

sible, and the sides should be splayed, so that the heat acquired by them may be radiated into the room. The brickwork behind the fireplace should terminate abruptly, in order to screen the fire from a rush of cold air from the chimney; and the aperture into the chimney should be contracted, so as to allow the heated air from the fire to carry the smoke and products of combustion in a gentle current up the flue, without disturbing gusts of colder air. These were the general principles upon which Count Rumford carried the construction of the common fireplace to the greatest perfection as yet attained, leaving little to be desired except a more universal acquaintance with, and adoption of, his improvements. But another problem rose to be solved. The old proverb is true, "where there is smoke there is fire." The presence of smoke certainly proves the presence of fire; but it also infallibly proves that that fire is in a low state of efficiency, and that fuel is wasted in the combustion.

The presence of smoke in the atmosphere of London is a gigantic evil; and a very expensive evil, when we reflect that the dense sea of impurity which hangs incessantly over the metropolis is nothing but waste fuel which we have unnecessarily discharged into the air, and which, to reproach us for our improvidence, descends upon us, blackening and begriming our houses, our ceilings, paper-hangings, carpets, curtains (to say nothing of our own persons and apparel). Motives of economy, no less than the desire of comfort and cleanliness, prompt us to seek a removal of the nuisance. The annoyance, indeed, can only be fully appreciated by those who come to London after a residence in the country; and any one who has visited Paris, and seen that capital of revolution and fashion enjoying an atmosphere bright and clear as that of the open country, will be tempted to repeat that unpatriotic but time-honoured reflection which our readers will thank us for sparing them. Our ancestors were more alive to the nuisance than we are, and, instead of attempting a cure for it, adopted a system of prevention. In England coal has only been in general use for domestic purposes for about two hundred years; and the use of it was entirely prohibited in London as early as the fourteenth century, at which time it was much in demand for the use of brewers, smiths, and others; and we find it recorded that, in the reign of Edward I., severe penalties having failed to prevent the use of coal, an act was passed making it a capital offence, and that a man was tried, convicted, and executed, for burning coal within the precincts of London. As this act is not now in force, and is not likely to be renewed in the reign of Victoria, the use of coal cannot be prevented; but Mr. Edwards proceeds to tell us how it can be cured.

In order to give us some estimate of the amount of waste that occurs in London alone in the combustion of coal, he gives us the following statistics : During the year 1862, 81,638,338 tons of coal were raised in the United Kingdom. Of these, five millions were brought into London and consumed there. He estimates that four millions were consumed in the fireplaces of London, and that, the average waste being twenty-five per cent, and the average cost of coal delivered at the purchaser's residence being twenty shillings per ton, there was a waste of property on this item to the amount of 1,000,000*l.* ; an estimate, he tells us, which is much below the mark.

Every body must have observed, in kindling a fire in the ordinary way, or in adding a fresh supply of fuel to it, that smoke and the other products of combustion pass away in large quantities, and that it is not until the hydrogen has been entirely, or almost entirely, expelled from the coal, and the combustion is perfect, that the fire gives a clear, steady, intense heat, without smoke. Now, as we said before, these products of combustion which pass up our chimneys are so much fuel wasted upon the creation of a nuisance. In order to economise the fuel and prevent the nuisance, a twofold method has been followed by inventors of smokeless, or (as they are often called) smoke-consuming grates. In the first, coal is introduced to the fire from below, and the products of combustion escape to the chimney as in the ordinary grate ; in the second, coal is thrown on the top of the fire, but the products of combustion are carried through and below the fire before they enter the chimney : both profess to prevent the formation of smoke by causing a more perfect combustion of the coal. Mr. Edwards classifies the grates invented for this object under six heads ; and no less than forty-eight different inventions—most of them being protected by patents—are mentioned by him, those deserving particular attention being described at length. We should exceed our limits were we to attempt to enumerate them. That to which Mr. Edwards gives the palm is an improvement made on Mr. Cutler's grate by Dr. Arnott in the year 1854, much praised by the public press at the time of its invention, and which Mr. Edwards has tested not only by his own theory and that of other scientific men, but by the opinions of those who have used it since its introduction. These opinions he has collected by sending circulars for that purpose to purchasers, and, having done so, strongly recommends these grates for general adoption.

The principle upon which they are constructed is the insertion of a movable chamber below the fireplace, large enough to contain a supply of fuel for the whole day. The fire is then lit at the top ;

and as fresh fuel is required, the chamber is gradually raised by a small windlass; and by so doing fresh coals are exposed to the action of the fire. The effect is, that, after the first escape which follows immediately on ignition, smoke is prevented, and the fire burns with greater vitality, and more rarely requires attention. The fuel in the chamber below is gradually prepared by the action of the fire, and parts with just so much of its hydrogen as to enable it, when raised by the windlass, to combine powerfully with oxygen, and to give intense heat, and without smoke. Whether greater perfection and simplicity may or may not be arrived at in the elaboration of the invention, efficiency at least appears to have been attained. Much dissatisfaction has recently been expressed with regard to the present state of our patent laws; and those who take interest in the subject will see, from Mr. Edwards's animadversions on them, their working upon this branch of manufactures.

If the use of smokeless grates became universal or general, chimneys, although not altogether superseded, might be constructed on a new principle, and such as might become an ornament to our houses instead of disfiguring them. Under the prevailing system, the mode of constructing chimneys is of vital importance to domestic comfort; and the treatise of Mr. Edwards will enable any man of education so far to understand the subject of smoky chimneys as to be able to guard against that nuisance in building, to trace out the cause of it where it already exists, and apply its appropriate remedy.

When a fire is made in an open fireplace, air becomes heated by contact with the burning fuel, and rises; and by doing so this column of heated air becomes the vehicle of smoke, soot, carbonic acid gas, &c. If there is an upward current of air in the chimney, the products will securely pass away; if, on the contrary, there is a downward current, they will be emitted into the room; when there is no current, and the air is of itself stationary, heated air from the fire may rise and warm the air in the chimney, and an upward current will be established—a current increasing in proportion to the intensity of the fire. The simple conditions upon which we depend for producing an upward current in the chimney are two: 1st, that the air in the room is warmer than the external air: 2d, that the external air has freer means of entrance to the room than by the chimney. This brings us to a subject closely allied to the present, which the author promises to treat in a future publication, viz. the ventilation of houses. But he enumerates fifteen distinct and disturbing causes which hinder chimneys from performing their proper functions, in other words, make them smoke; and he gives us a remedy for the evil in each case. These causes being so many in number and heterogeneous in

kind,—each cause requiring often several remedies to correct it,—we shall at once see the fallacy of those who produce one panacea for the evil in every form, by which they profess to cure every disorder in chimneys. Some of their promises almost remind us of the American chimney-doctor, whose apparatus was to make the draught so great as to draw up the furniture and inmates of the rooms as well as the smoke, leaving only the carpet nailed to the floor and the cat clinging to it by her claws. Mr. Edwards is more modest; he does not promise such startling results, or recommend the appliance of such violent means; but in a patient, industrious, and philosophic spirit he discusses the merits of the several inventions produced up to the present time; and his recommendations to the public are so sensibly and clearly stated, and so simple and intelligible, that his instructions will enable any intelligent person, even without any previous acquaintance with the subject, to economise in the consumption of fuel, and render his fireplaces and chimneys thoroughly efficient. We wish him all success in his public-spirited endeavours in the cause of domestic comfort, and we need hardly say how we hope they will *not* end.

Egypt in the British Museum.

PART II.

AFTER what has been said in a former article, we may take it for granted that Egypt during the first four hundred and seventy-six years of its monarchy bore a resemblance to England during the Saxon heptarchy. We must not be deceived by the use of the word "dynasties" in the early history of Egypt; but we must understand by that word "kingdoms" more or less contemporaneous. In the direction from the north southwards, the more ancient kingdoms gave birth to offshoots; and Tanis, Memphis, and Thebes rose successively into existence and into relative superiority. Abydos was another local capital; Nubia supplied, in the military commandants who governed it, another so-called dynasty; and the shepherd-kings or hykshos, under whom Joseph was sold into Egypt, constituted another, on the dissolution of which, fifty years after that patriarch's death, Egypt was formed into a single monarchy, notorious for its persecution of the chosen people.

Tanis, Memphis, Thebes, supplied successively the *bretwaldas* of the Egyptian heptarchy. Menes, the founder of the Egyptian monarchy, was of Tanis; Sahoura and Snefrou were of Memphis, and Moeris of a collateral Memphite stock; Sesortasen or Usertasen was a Theban. After the last monarch, Apophis and his successors were *bretwaldas*, or rather *khemwaldas*, and were of the race of the shepherds.

Our intention in this article is to make our readers acquainted with a king of whom they have probably never heard before, and of whom we ourselves know but too little. There are, however, monuments connected with him in the British Museum; and if he does not himself engage our interest, he may serve us as the occasion of introducing topics which we hope may afford some little information and amusement. The name of this king is Nantef-aa; he was king of oldest Thebes,—Thebes on the western bank of the Nile,—a city more ancient, it would seem, than Thebes properly so called itself. The city on the western bank was called On of the South, or Hermonthis.

The monuments to which we wish to draw our readers' attention

are: first, a mummy-case or coffin in the Egyptian-room upstairs, numbered No. 6652; and secondly, a little pyramid in the kind of vestibule opposite the foot of the staircase leading to the Egyptian room just referred to, and under the cast of the colossal head of King Rameses the Second, found at Ipsambul in Nubia. This pyramidion is marked No. 478.

To what period are we carried back by these monuments? To the time when Abraham was an old man, and when Isaac was in the vigour of his age, and just before the birth of Jacob. Nantef-aa became king of Hermonthis, or Western Thebes, two thousand and sixteen years before the birth of Christ; the mummy-case No. 6652 contained the body of his father; the little pyramid, No. 478, was erected to his own memory after the death of his brother, who succeeded him.

Let us dwell a little on the juxtaposition into which we have brought a couple of Egyptian monuments and the history of the patriarchs, as written by one who "was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" (Acts vii. 22), the author of the Book of Genesis.

Taking, then, the year B.C. 2016 as the date of the accession of Nantef-aa, Abraham was at that time in his hundred and forty-fourth year, and had six years before buried Sara; Isaac was in his forty-fourth year; and seventeen years had yet to run before the birth of Jacob; for it was only the year before the accession of king Nantef-aa that Isaac had married Rebecca. Abraham and Isaac, with their flocks and herds, were living peacefully among the Amorites; they dwelt with patriarchal simplicity in the south of Canaan, in the neighbourhood of that Hebron which boasted an antiquity ten years greater than that of Zoan or Tanis, in Egypt. Ishmael, now in his fifty-eighth year, was living in the east country, separated from the promised seed, though thirty-two years later he joined Isaac in laying their common father in his sepulchre by the side of Sara, in the field purchased of Ephron the Hittite over against Mambre. Ishmael was already giving proof of his being the "wild man, whose hand should be against all men and all men's hands against him;" who should "pitch his tents over against all his brethren;" who should "grow and dwell in the wilderness, and become an archer," more like Nimrod, mighty on the earth and a strong hunter, than his father Abraham; and his castles and towns, and the princes derived from him, call to mind the offspring of Cain rather than the sons of God, the posterity of Seth.

Though, however, Abraham was now living with Isaac and Rebecca in the south of Canaan, he was not altogether a stranger to the land of Egypt. No sooner had he received the Divine call

which separated him from his kindred in Chaldea, and set foot in Canaan, but he found himself compelled by a famine to take refuge in Egypt. He entered Egypt just a century after Menes had established the first Egyptian kingdom at Tanis; and in the course of those hundred years petty kingdoms, the offspring of the first, had grown up at Memphis and at Heliopolis, in the Fayoum, and at Old Thebes, or Hermonthis. It was in this last city that Nantef-aa's forefather was reigning at the time of Abraham's entry into Egypt; he had just founded the monarchy of Hermonthis; and indeed so recently, that he had not yet assumed the title of king, but was called simply erpa, or prince. Now Abraham would naturally sojourn in one of the Egyptian kingdoms nearest to Canaan; but we do not know for certain whether it was at Zoan or at On or at Memphis that he sought for hospitality. If it was at Zoan, he would have found Miebaes king,—a sovereign whose name is no longer confined to the less certain lists of Manetho, but has lately been found recorded on a tomb at Memphis of the age of Rameses the Second (B.C. 1486-1420); and it is remarkable that Manetho chronicles, as an event that took place in the reign next but one before Miebaes, the occurrence of a *great famine*; and a *grievous famine* in the south of Canaan is given in the Book of Genesis as the cause of Abraham's journey and sojourning in Egypt. If, on the other hand, Memphis was Abraham's refuge, Aan had just succeeded to the throne, and was the Pharaoh who wished to espouse Sarai under the idea that she was Abraham's sister. Here again, however, Manetho chronicles a fact which would lead us to prefer the claims of Zoan; for he tells us that in the reign of Semempsees, the son of Miebaes, there was a *great plague*; or, as Eusebius has it, there "were many prodigies and a very great plague;" which account agrees with the record in Holy Scripture of the most grievous stripes "with which God scourged Pharaoh and his house" in consequence of his taking Sarai from her husband. Probably enough Abraham, while in Egypt, occupied the site of the future city of Avaris—a city which became intimately connected in its history both with his descendants and with the shepherd-kings, with whom they have been confounded. While there the riches of Abraham were increased, and he had, in the words of Holy Scripture, sheep and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants and maid-servants, and she-asses and camels (Gen. xii. 16). Of these maid-servants we find that Agar, ten years after Abraham had quitted Egypt, became the mother of Ishmael; and it may be remarked that as the mother of Ishmael was an Egyptian woman, so too Ishmael chose an Egyptian woman for his wife.

Another event which happened during the life of Abraham is

dimly alluded to in Manetho's list of Egyptian kings. Four-and-twenty years after Abraham quitted Egypt God punished, for their monstrous crimes, Sodom and Gomorrah (B.C. 2060). The notice given that under Boethus, the first king of the second Tanite kingdom, "the earth opened near Bubastis, and many perished," may be regarded as referring to the destruction of the cities of the plain.

In the fiftieth year after Abraham returned to Canaan, Sahoura, the king of Memphis, became suzerain of Egypt (B.C. 2034). He was succeeded, both as king of Memphis and as suzerain of Egypt, by Snefrou (B.C. 2017). On the death of the latter the suzerainty passed from the line of Sahoura to a collateral branch,—from the Memphites proper to the central Memphites of the Fayoum, the Memphites about Crocodilopolis or Arsinoë,—and Moeris, or Papa Mai-re, became suzerain of Egypt, B.C. 1995. If our readers recollect that the first year of Nantef-aa, the king whose acquaintance we are to make, was B.C. 2016, they will see that we have traced the early history of Egypt to this point in order to show how his era synchronised with his contemporaneous brother kings. The city of his residence and rule was Thebes on the western bank of the Nile, and it was called Hermonthis. It had become the capital of an independent monarchy a hundred and eleven years before, and Nantef-aa had had five predecessors; the first was entitled, not king, but erpa, or prince, and his name was Nantef; then followed king Mentu-hotep, the first part of whose name agrees with the fact that Mentu was the tutelary god of Hermonthis, or Old Thebes, on the western bank of the Nile, as Ammon was subsequently the local deity of New Thebes or No-Ammon, on the Nile's eastern bank. Mentu-hotep was followed by Nantef the Second; and then successively by Nantef the Third, Nantef the Fourth, and our friend Nantef-aa, who was Nantef the Fifth; and Nantef-aa was followed by his brother, Nantef the Sixth. It may be as well to notice that after Nantef the Sixth nine or ten successors bring us down to the end of this kingdom; that none of the kings of this line attained to the suzerainty of Egypt, but that Nantef the Sixth recognised the supremacy of a king of a collateral branch, Sesortasen the First, B.C. 1974, after the suzerainty had passed away from Memphis; and that this monarchy, with the other contemporary monarchies, all recognised at last the suzerainty of the shepherd-kings, until Rasekenn (B.C. 1772-1748), the last of the successors of Nantef, struck the first blow, and the shepherd-kings were expelled. Then Egypt was constituted one native monarchy under Amosis, the first of that great Diospolitan dynasty which numbered Memnon and the great Rameses among its sovereigns, and distinguished itself by persecuting the people of God.

Let us now proceed to our monuments.

The mummy-case of Nantef the Fourth, the father of Nantef-aa, is in the British Museum, as we have already said, and is numbered No. 6652. His diadem, with its gold uræus or asp (the sign of kingly authority), is at Leyden. The outer coffin of Nantef-aa—that is Nantef, the elder (brother), who was Nantef the Fifth—is at Berlin. The inner coffin, or mummy-case, is in the Louvre. A little pyramid found in his sepulchral chamber, and inscribed with his name, is, as we have said above, in the British Museum, No. 478; and there is besides, at Paris, a manuscript which was found in his tomb, or in that of his brother and successor, Nantef the Sixth, and which has been described as the oldest book in the world. We will hereafter give its author's name and describe its contents.

The coffin of Nantef the Sixth, the brother of Nantef-aa, is in the Louvre. It was Nantef the Sixth who buried his brother, and his own coffin lies now by the side of his brother's.

But to enable our readers to read the name of Nantef on the monuments, we must impart to them such knowledge of hieroglyphics as we possess ourselves.

First, then, they must look for a *cartouch* on the monuments; and we must therefore tell them what a cartouch is, and what it is like.

In a *cartouch* is contained the name of a king. A cartouch is that oblong square with rounded corners, that oval or shield-like figure, which is constantly occurring on Egyptian monuments. The frequency of its occurrence will not appear strange when it is recollected that the usual method of assigning a date was by such or such a year of a king's reign. Take, then, almost any of the sepulchral tablets arranged on the walls of the Egyptian Saloon in the British Museum, or any one of the various monuments which fill the area, and somewhere or other, and over and over again, there will be seen the familiar oval or cartouch: for example, look at the singular column in the Egyptian Saloon, with its capital of lotus buds, No. 64; it is literally covered with cartouches containing the names and titles of kings. Look at the lions couchant of red granite brought from a temple at Mount Barkal, in Upper Nubia, numbered 1 and 34; on the breast of the former, and on the shoulder of the latter, may be found specimens of cartouches. Or go to the famous coloured tablet of Abydos, set up against the wall in the fourth bay from the end of the saloon, on the right-hand side, numbered 117, and whole rows of cartouches will accustom the eye to what a cartouch is.

The frequent occurrence of the cartouch and the name of a king

is accounted for partly by the prevalent custom of dating events by the year of the reigning king. Then again, many monuments were erected by the kings themselves, or by others in their honour, and royal cartouches will in such cases naturally occur. Sometimes, however, the reason for their use is less familiar to an Englishman, and it is this: the name of a king may form part of the name of the man to whom a sepulchral tablet is raised; and instead of the man's name being written simply in hieroglyphics, that part of his name which agrees with the king's name will be written inside a cartouch, and the rest outside. It is as though the survivors of John Coleman were to put up a gravestone to his memory, and, out of compliment to the illustrious sovereign celebrated in the familiar vernacular dithyramb, they were to have "John" and "man" engraved in ordinary fashion, and the syllable "Cole" engraved in letters of gold, or in a circle or cartouch. We will give our readers a specimen of this at once, as supplying at the same time the simplest possible first lesson in hieroglyphics. Let them go to the last bay on the right-hand side of the Egyptian Saloon downstairs, and look for No. 112. They will find a sepulchral monument in honour of an officer whose name contained in its composition the family-name of the famous king Moeris, king of the Central Memphite line and suzerain of Egypt in 1995, just about two thousand years before the Christian era—the king before whose time, as Herodotus assures us, nothing worth mentioning had been done in Egypt. The family-name of Moeris is generally written *Papa*. The officer's name is written in the Catalogue of the British Museum *Pepi-set-heb*; but our readers must make allowance for the variety in the vowels of the first part of the name. It is not our fault that the same Egyptian hieroglyphics for vowels are differently represented by Egyptologists. Of course it is a pity that it should be so; but we must take things as we find them, and remember the maxim of etymologists or their enemies,—that vowels count for nothing, and consonants for very little more. Let us look at the tablet No. 112: the cartouch shows itself at once, and in the cartouch certain hieroglyphics; there is a depressed square and another depressed square, and under these there are two feathers. The square, originally representing a shutter, stands for the English letter P, the other square for another P, and the two feathers for the vowel I or the diphthong EI. Hence we have P, P, I. In order to sound these letters, we must introduce another short vowel, like the Hebrew shevâ, between the two consonants, and the result is *Pēpi*, or, on the principle of the indifference of vowels, *Papa*.

These cartouches were of wonderful use in the first attempts towards deciphering hieroglyphics. Who has not heard of the

"Rosetta Stone"? It may be found in the Egyptian Saloon downstairs, in a conspicuous position in the middle of the room, and numbered No. 24. It has received its modern name from the fact of its having been discovered among the ruins of a temple near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile. It was found in 1799 by a French officer; and on coming into the possession of the English in 1802, it was deposited in its present resting-place. On it is engraved an inscription in honour of Ptolemy the Fifth, surnamed Epiphanes. Its date is B.C. 196, and the inscription is in two languages, Egyptian and Greek; while the Egyptian is given in two forms—first in hieroglyphics, and then in the more popular cursive character. The recurrence of the name Ptolemy in the Greek inscription led to the discovery of the same name within the royal cartouch in the hieroglyphical Egyptian; and so the first step was made towards solving the great Egyptian riddle. Let our readers pay a visit to the Rosetta Stone, and look for the first cartouch that occurs; they will find it in the sixth line of the hieroglyphical inscription; and after a few more words on hieroglyphics, we will with them make out the name of Ptolemy.

We must forewarn them to bear in mind an invariable rule while they are attempting to decipher a king's name written on a monument in hieroglyphics. We English write from left to right; Hebrew is written from right to left; but hieroglyphics are written both ways, to say nothing of vertical columns of signs which are read from above downwards. How, then, are we to know the direction in which a name or an inscription is written? whether we are to begin from right to left, or from left to right? The rule is—and a useful rule it is in more cases than one—*Look your difficulty in the face; face the animals or other objects that are used as signs whether of ideas or of letters, and read into their faces.* Take, for instance, the vowels: Look the eagle in the face, and it will give you an aspirated A; let a feather look towards you, and it gives a soft A; when you see a horizontal arm and hand, catch hold of the hand, and you get E; two feathers, placed as in the way just mentioned, give the vowel I; a kind of bow made with a ribbon, or a flower bending on its stalk towards you, gives O; a duckling, or, again, a cord twisted in your direction, sounds like U; and if you face the jackal's head surmounting a staff, he will answer you with the sound O U, as in the name of the great suzerain Ousertasen, unless Mr. Palmer is right, who, arguing from the Greek name Sesostris, which is certainly derived from this, finds in the hieroglyphic the representative of the sibilant S, which is also expressed by a standing goose. For the mutes, front a bowl with an appendage which marks its distal side, and you get

K; the *flying-goose*, and it gives you P; seize a *hand* by the tips of its fingers, and the result is T; face a *nestling*, and you have G, as in *give*; a *viper*, and it sounds as G in *gentle*; face the *heron*, or take a *leg and foot* by the toes, and B is sounded. D is provided for by the hieroglyphic for T. Aspirates are found—KH, by facing a *calf couchant*; or again, a *lotus bud* bending towards you on its stalk; or once again, a kind of *fish*; PH or F, by facing a *horned snake*; and the simple H by the *forepart of a lion*. For the *liquids*, we look in the face an *owl*, or a *vulture*, and hear M. We front a *hatchet*, or a *pair of legs surmounted by a vase*, and get N; a *lion*, and the result is R, interchangeable with L. Some hieroglyphics are symmetrical, and cannot therefore determine the direction in which they are to be read. The point, therefore, must be settled by those which are not symmetrical, and occur in the same inscription. Thus, a zigzag horizontal line stands for N; a square is P; a cord symmetrically twisted, H; a bolt is S; a mouth is R; a semicircle resting on its base, said to represent a painter's muller, is T (but turned upside down, it stands for Neb, or Lord). The fact of several figures being used to express the same letter is to be accounted for by the fact that the figure was taken to represent the first letter of its name. It is as though we English were to represent B by a bull, a broom, a bench, a brick, a ball, and a boat, because all these things are called by names beginning with that letter. It is also to be remarked that hieroglyphics standing for letters are often accompanied by hieroglyphics which are called *determinative*; that is, which determine which out of several meanings capable of being conveyed by the letter is the one to be chosen. It is as though, if we found a mouth put for the letter R, and a bolt put for the letter S, and obtained from their juxtaposition the word RoSe, the meaning might be *determined* to signify the common noun *rose* by a hieroglyphical *flower* being placed with the R and the S, or to signify the proper name *Rose* by affixing the figure of a *woman*.

Let us now go to the Rosetta Stone and look for the name of Ptolemy. First of all we find the cartouch in the sixth line. Now the cartouch itself is a *determinative* in a sense like that which has just been given; if, that is, we found the word *Victoria* in a cartouch, we should know that it did not refer to any triumph over enemies, but that it was the proper name of a sovereign. The lion which we see in the cartouch looks from left to right; we therefore have to *face* him, and read the name from right to left. We begin with a little square at the right extremity, and this, as in the case of the sepulchral monument already visited by us, stands for P; under this square is a semicircular depression resting on its base, and this, as has been

said above, is the painter's muller and the letter T; then follows the bow or flower bending on its stalk towards the right, and this is the vowel O; the lion couchant is L or R, and in the present case it is L; under the lion is a figure which Mr. Birch, in Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, calls a *hole*, and is constantly used for M; then come two feathers, which, in the sepulchral monument, No. 112, stood for I or EI; and finally, the *back of a chair*, which stands for S. Hence we have got the letters P, T, O, L, M, E, I, S, which is a very satisfactory hieroglyphical substitute for Ptolemæus. If we take the two feathers not as a diphthong, but as standing for two separate sounds, we may get the exact word *Ptolemæos*.

Thus prepared, let us visit the mummy-case of Nantef the Fourth, the father of Nantef-aa. We assign for the date of his death the year B.C. 2016, the year after Snefrou, of the Memphites proper, had succeeded Sahoura in the suzerainty of Egypt, thirteen years before the entrance of the shepherd-kings, and at the time when Abraham and Isaac were living together at Hebron. Abraham had buried Sara, and Isaac had just married Rebecca. The mummy-case of Nantef the Fourth was doubtless made by order of his son and successor, Nantef-aa. It was found at Gourneh, which with three other villages cover the site occupied of old by the "hundred-gated Thebes:" Karnak and Luxor to the north of Karnak occupy that part of Thebes which lay on the right bank of the Nile; Medinet-Abou, and to its north Gourneh, occupy the left bank; and, as we have already seen, the site of the monarchy of the Nantefs was Old Thebes, or Hermonthis, on the left bank.

We will leave our readers to moralise for a few moments on the ancient mummy-case that lies before them. There it is, No. 6652, in the Egyptian room upstairs in the British Museum; and there is all, or pretty nearly all, that remains to us of King Nantef the Fourth. Not quite all; for at Leyden there is a golden diadem with its gold uræus or asp, the sign of royalty, in which he took pride while he was king of Hermonthis, and which distinguished his majesty from the littleness of his fellow-men. Here is his mummy-case, with its eyes made to imitate the life, and its gilding half worn away; and little boys gather round it as a curiosity, and little men pride themselves on being able to read his name. Well, but all this might be said of Melchisedech himself, were relics of him like those of King Nantef in existence; and it is hardly fair to moralise down majesty because we know nothing of King Nantef but his name. It is quite possible that he might have been a good king, and used well the grace that God denies to none; and so we will hope that he rests in peace.

It is not so easy to make out the name of Nantef on this mummy-case, because it has only just escaped destruction, and, as it is, it is imperfect. After reading the name of Nantef-aa on the next monument which we shall visit, it becomes easier to decipher the name on this. Look at the mummy-case, and you will see the lower extremities covered with gilding: from the feet upwards there rises, engraved on the gilding, a kind of column up the central line of the mummy; just where that central column terminates, in consequence of the destruction of the gilding, we find a friendly cartouch announcing the name of a king. The cartouch is not perfect, but there remains enough of it to reveal the name of the deceased. We see that the hieroglyphics are to be read from right to left, because one of them—that one, namely, which lies at the bottom of the cartouch—is a horned serpent, or cerastes, looking from left to right. We begin, then, at the top of the cartouch, and find just enough of the lower extremities of a pair of legs, with their feet looking towards the right, to enable us to see that this is the same hieroglyphic as that which we shall see quite distinctly on Nantef-aa's monument, No. 478—viz. a pair of legs surmounted by a vase, which stands for the letter N: on its left side there is a feather, which, as already noticed, stands for A; under the pair of legs and the feather which have given us the two first letters of King Nantef's name, we find the zigzag line which is supposed to represent water, and which again gives us the letter N; under this is the painter's muller, the semicircle resting on its base, which gives us T; and finally, the cerastes, or the horned snake, completes the word by furnishing the letter F. Thus have we read the name of Nantef on the gilded mummy-case, and the cartouch tells us that he was a king.

Before quitting Nantef the Fourth we must draw our readers' attention to a jasper-beetle, or scarabæus, set in gold, which may be found in the British Museum in the room which contains the coffin we have been examining. There is an upright case near the door full of objects found in the cases of mummies: in the partition of the case numbered 70 are a number of beetles, or scarabæi, of various materials; the jasper one, in gold, just referred to, is marked No. 7876. The beetle, or scarabæus, be it known, was held in the highest esteem by the Egyptians: a proof of this would seem to be the enormous scarabæus of dark granite, which cannot escape observation, in the centre of the Egyptian Saloon downstairs, numbered 74. In fact, the scarabæus was taken as a special type of the Deity. It was supposed to be without sex and self-engendered, and therefore a fitting emblem of the self-existent God: its name too contributed to the same idea; for in Egyptian it was called *cheper*, and

cheper was also the Egyptian for the verb of existence, 'to be;' the beetle, then, was deemed a fitting emblem of the Being, uncreated himself and creating the universe. The name given by the Egyptians to the Ingenerate Creator was Phtha; and his symbol, the scarabæus, is constantly found with a ball in its fore-claws, which represents the world's egg created by Phtha; or it is found rolling it along, so indicating that He who created the world also maintains it constantly in motion.

This jasper scarabæus was found, according to the tale of the Arabs, in the same tomb as the body of Nantef the Fourth; and by this tale they hoped to enhance its value; but, in truth, they had taken out and destroyed the mummy of the king, and substituted for it that of a priest, taken from another tomb in the neighbourhood. Somewhere in the folds of this mummy the scarabæus was found; and were our readers able to examine it, they would find inscribed the name, not of Nantef, but of King Sebek-em-saf, one of King Nantef's successors, but at a distance of two centuries and a quarter, B.C. 1821, when Joseph was viceroy of the shepherd-king.

We shall have occasion to notice a similar trick played by the Arabs in connection with the coffin of Mycerinus, which may be found in the same room, and numbered 5547.

Let us proceed from Nantef the Fourth to his son Nantef-aa, or Nantef the Fifth. This king succeeded to the throne in B.C. 2016, and made way for his brother, Nantef the Sixth, in 1992. The sepulchral monuments, therefore, which relate to Nantef-aa must be as late as B.C. 1992. Abraham was at that date within eight years of his death; Isaac was in the flower of patriarchal age, in his sixty-ninth year; Rebecca had borne Esau and Jacob to Isaac, and the twins were now in their ninth year. The suzerainty of Egypt had passed from the Memphite line to the Central Memphite, and Snefrou had been succeeded in that supremacy by Papa Mai-re, the Mœris of the Greeks; the hykshos or shepherd-kings had entered Egypt, and had been living peacefully for eleven years in the eastern portion of the Delta, in their settlement of Hawar or Avaris, the site of Abraham's sojourn in Egypt ninety-one years before.

The outer coffin of Nantef-aa, or Nantef the Fifth, is at Berlin; the inner one, which immediately held the mummy, is in the Louvre. In the British Museum we have a little pyramid or pyramidion inscribed with his name; and it may be found (as said above) in the vestibule opposite the foot of the staircase, and under the cast of the colossal head of Rameses the Second. It is numbered No. 478.

We shall not pause to explain to our readers the nature of the internal evidence which proves the date of this pyramidion; at

present they must take it for granted that it was placed in the tomb after the death of Nantef the Sixth, Nantef-aa's brother, and probably by the royal lady whose dedication of it is found on one of the four faces of the pyramidion. We must, however, say as much as this—that kings took, besides their *family-name*, a *throne-name*, and both these names were enclosed in cartouches; they also took a *banner- or standard-name*—a name which we find inscribed on a flag,—the flag being represented by an oblong square, with the lower border so figured as to make it look like a fringe. The *family-name* and cartouch is distinguished by being surmounted by the figures of a goose and of the sun: the goose is the hieroglyphic for Si, and Si stands for *child* or *son*; the Egyptian for the sun in the heavens is Re or Ra; hence the two together, or Si Ra, mean *the son of the sun*; and in fact the Egyptian kings claimed the sun as the first of their royal predecessors. The other cartouch, that of the throne-name, is surmounted by a sprig and a bee, or in Egyptian by Souten Keb, meaning *souten*, king of the upper country—*keb*, king of the lower country.

To begin with the family-name, the Si Ra; it is on the side of the pyramidion best exposed to the light. We can just see a bit of the goose undestroyed; and we must take it for granted that the circular disk representing the sun was once behind it. In the cartouch itself we find a pair of legs surmounted by a vessel, which, as on the mummy-case already examined, stands for N; the zigzag line underneath is another N; then the painter's muller, represented by the semicircle standing on its diameter, is T, and the horned serpent is F: thus we have N, N, T, F, the consonants of the name Nantef. As for the vowels, we must supply them ourselves. The horizontal figure at the bottom of all, which looks something like a sword, stands for AA, and means *great*, or the *elder*, and indicates that this Nantef was an elder brother; the elder brother, in fact, of his successor, Nantef the Sixth, who buried him.

Now let us go round to the next cartouch,—the next *cartouch*, be it remembered,—and then the direction of our circuit will be ascertained. On this second face of the little pyramid we find the throne-name of King Nantef-aa; and with respect to the throne-name we will mention two peculiarities: first, that Ra or Re, which signifies the sun in the heavens, always forms part of it; and next, that it is, at least after King Papa Mai-re, *trilogistic*, or consists of three words. As examples we have Ra-cheper-kar, the throne-name of Seortasen the Great, B.C. 1974; Ra-tsaser-ma, the throne-name of Rameses the Great, B.C. 1486; Ra-mes-out, the throne-name assumed by Cambyzes on his conquest of Egypt, B.C. 525. The direc-

tion of the arm and hand at the bottom from right to left admonishes us that we have to read the inscription in the opposite direction, from left to right. At the top we have the circular disk representing the sun, and this gives us the word Ra or Re; the figure to the right is a *sistrum* or a *sceptre*, and is read *kherp*, and stands for *first*. It does not form part of the name, but indicates that the king who adopted the throne-name in the cartouch was the *first* who so used it. The hieroglyphic to the left is A; and we find an acquaintance in the square or shutter, which gave us the letter P in the name of Pepi. The *cross* only marks off the word AP from that which follows. The double figure below is M; the arm and hand is A; and so, in fine, we get for king Nantef-aa's throne-name RA-AP-MA. *Ap* means *working* or *judging*; *ma* means *truth*; and the whole name means, the sun that judges or operates truth; or more probably, supposing by a common inversion that the name of the god is put first merely for compliment's sake, AP-MA-RE, [the king] who judges truth (or gives true judgment) by the gift of the god Ra, the sun. *Kherp* tells us that Nantef-aa was the first to invent and assume this title.

On the third side of the pyramidion is the standard or banner. Here we find the same hieroglyphic for A as in the throne-name; the same for P; the same also for M and A; but there precedes these two last letters the painter's muller, which will be recognised as T, and is the feminine definite article before *ma*, or truth. The banner-title then is in meaning the same as the throne-name, namely, *worker of the truth*, prefixing the definite article to the word *truth*.

The fourth and last side remains. Looking at the hieroglyphics, we find a vulture facing to the left: hence we know that we have to read this inscription in the contrary direction to that in which we have read the other three. The uppermost sign, the zigzag line, we recognise as N, and it stands for the word EN,—a preposition which has various meanings, and here probably means *by*,—as though the pyramidion had been placed in the sepulchral chamber and inscribed by the person here mentioned. The sprig on the left of the second line is S, and the painter's muller at the end of it is T, and the two are the contraction for *suten*, or royal; while the vulture in the middle, supposed to feed its young with its own blood, stands for *mut*, or mother. The next line varies in substituting the sign of wife (*hiomi*) for that of mother; then a *bird* is the sound *oo*, and the *mouth* at the bottom is R, and *oor* means great. From all this we gather that the pyramidion was dedicated by a lady who was a royal mother and a royal wife, and that she was great; but what her name was, and in what her greatness consisted, deponent saith not. Perhaps we might

have known her name, had the pyramidion been unbroken; we just see enough of the last line to discover that beauty, as might be expected, enters into the formation of her name.

Enough of the pyramidion. There remains "the oldest book in the world" to engage our attention, and bring this article to a close.

This papyrus is in the Louvre; it was found in the same tomb with the mummy of Nantef-aa, or of Nantef the Sixth. Nantef the Sixth's coffin—both the inner and the outer case—is in the Louvre, by the side of the inner coffin of his elder brother. The manuscript was found by M. Prisse, in the course of his excavations at Gourneh, the north-west quarter of the ruins of Old Thebes, on the west bank of the Nile. It has therefore been called the Prisse papyrus. To be more accurate, however, we should say that one of the *fellahs* who worked for M. Prisse brought it to him as though he had procured it from some other quarter, and the poor antiquarian could not get possession of his rightful property without paying for it a good round sum.

This manuscript is the composition of a king's son or relative, named Phtha-hotep. It is a code of moral precepts, and bears a resemblance to the sacred books of Proverbs or Ecclesiastes. It consists of two treatises: of the first the two last pages only remain; the second is complete, and consists of fourteen pages. It concludes with the notice, "Thus ends the work, conformable from the beginning to the end to the original manuscript;" which words prove that the existing papyrus is a copy of an older original.

At the end of the first treatise the recent death of Ur-aan (that is, probably, Sahoura), and the recent accession of Snefrou, are mentioned, as is also the fact that Snefrou rewarded the author and advanced him to a considerable dignity. Since, now, Sahoura was the first great Memphite suzerain, and Snefrou succeeded him in that authority in B.C. 2017, the date of this treatise must be somewhere about the accession of Nantef-aa, when Isaac was about forty-three years old, and eighteen years before Jacob was born; three hundred and fifty-seven years before Moses led Israel out of Egypt.

The second treatise was written under the reign of Assa. Of this Assa the author, Phtha-hotep, was the eldest son, or if his expression is not to be taken as literally as it would sound in English, he was related to him. If Assa was his father, since he was still living when Phtha-hotep wrote the second treatise, we have another example of that longevity of which Holy Scripture gives so many instances in those early times, and in which the chronicles of Egypt are any thing but wanting. Phtha-hotep gives us his own age as being of a hundred and twenty years; his father, therefore, if still living,

must have been proportionately older. What Assa this was is not so plain: we might expect him to be a successor of Snefrou; but though we have in the monuments a king Assa as one of his predecessors, the name does not occur among those who follow him. There is, however, a king Assa who reigned at On over the eastern Memphites, and whose date might be found to correspond with the close of Phtha-hotep's life, if we knew for certain at what epoch the dynasty to which he belonged dated its beginning.

With respect to the first of the two treatises, as only two pages remain, we cannot expect to gather much from it. The author, however, did not set a slight value on his lucubrations; for he says at the close of them, "If men understand all that I have written in this book in conformity with fundamental laws and principles, they will treasure it in their bosom; they will read it over and over again; and its beauty will delight them more than any thing else in this whole land, whether they be engaged in active employment or enjoy the quiet of repose."

We have but scraps of this valuable doctrine; and the uncertainty of the translation sometimes disappoints us just when we are looking for the completion of some apophthegm. For example, Phtha-hotep says, "If you are in company with a number of people who are averse to what pleases you, it is a short instant of torment and a —," we know not what, for the translation fails us. He is more intelligible when he enunciates such dicta as, "a cup of water quenches thirst;" "a trifling misfortune brings out the poltroon's pusillanimity;" "a mouthful of *perseas*"—let us say of prepared ginger—"comforts the stomach;" "a merry heart makes a merry home;" "the head of a family can, even in the grave, influence his descendants."

At the end of the first treatise he says: "When it came to pass that the king of the upper and lower country, Ur-aan" (that is, Sahoura), "died, then Snefrou, king of the upper and lower country, was elevated, and became the pious sovereign of the whole land: then was I promoted to the dignity of high superintendent." Snefrou became king of Memphis and suzerain of Egypt, B.C. 2017.

The second treatise is that of a man who feels himself authorised by the privilege of experience and of age, not so much to teach the ignorant as to instruct those whose business it is to teach others.

It consists of a preface and of forty-two sections. These sections are distinguished into three classes: the first twenty-two are proverbs or apophthegms, similar in form to what we find in Holy Scripture; the next thirteen are imperative maxims; the rest are on the special subject of parental authority and filial obedience.

The preface consists of an invocation of Osiris, "the double-

crocodile god :” there is no reference throughout the treatise to any other of the Egyptian pantheon. The supposed answer of Osiris is also given.

This is the opening : “Prayer of the civil superintendent, Phthahotep, under the reign of Assa, king of the upper and lower country, who lives for ever.”

He represents his advanced age—he was a hundred and twenty years old—and his failing powers :

“O Osiris, my lord and master, the chieftain is growing old ; decrepitude is taking the place of vigour, and day by day debility is compassing him about ; his eyes are growing contracted and dim ; his ears grow deaf, and his spirits fail ; calm self-possession is no more ; the strong voice is changing into a thin, weak cry ; the heart no more expands with joy, but is straitened within itself ; the fairest spot loses its charms ; the palate is losing all sense of enjoyment ; extreme old age renders men in every thing disagreeable ; the nostrils contract, and fail to perform their functions ; movement and rest are equally uneasy.”

He expresses his wish to form an eloquent teacher : “Ah !” he says, “to him will I announce the doctrine of those whom experience has taught ; to him will I tell the secret counsels which are understood by the gods. It is for thee, O Osiris, to remove the hindrances which may impede the efforts of the wise.” The god answers : “Instruct him in the traditions of the past ; they shall be the nourishment both of the child and of the formed man : he that shall understand them shall walk in gladness of heart ; his teaching shall not cloy with satiety.” Good news for the reader !

The treatise then begins :

“The beginning of the work of the noble chief, beloved of God, son [or relative] of the king, eldest of his race, the civil superintendent, Phthahotep—for the instruction of those who need it, to guide them in the method of teaching well.” It may be remarked that “son of the king” may possibly mean nothing more than one set in certain high authority by the king.

The instructions are not confined to morality, but are extended to the precepts of good-breeding, and are, says the author, “more precious than the emeralds which the toil of a slave finds in the rocks of stone.”

As specimens of the moral teaching of Phthahotep, the following passages may be adduced :

§ 4. “Seek not to inspire fear into others . . . it is not the terror of man that worketh the will of God.”

§ 8. “If it humble thee to obey a wise man, yet thy doing so will

be good in the eyes of God, for that He knows that you are one of the little ones: lift not up thy heart in pride against Him."

§ 13. "Order thy conduct so as not to incur remorse; direct thy intention to the profit of thy master."

§ 18. "Take care of thy family; love thy wife, nourish her, clothe her, give her cosmetics, make her joyful while thou livest."

In § 23 Phtha-hotep urges the man of power and influence to patronise men of science.

The two first divisions of the treatise he concludes with a promise of all good to the docile reader. Wisdom and science, he says, will alleviate the discomforts of old age; they will preserve health and vigour, and, above all, will insure to parents virtue in their progeny.

The conclusion of the treatise dwells on parental authority and on filial obedience. Paternal authority is exhibited as the foundation of all social order, and filial reverence is inculcated as the corresponding duty in the child.

"With these instructions," he says at last, "I engage to secure thee health of body and peace with the king under whatever circumstances; if thou take heed to my words, thou shalt pass through years of life free from the deceits of falsehood."

It may be remarked that Phtha-hotep often puts his counsels under the patronage of the Deity, though the rewards he promises are all with reference to the present life: these rewards are, long and happy life, virtuous children, the approval of good men, and, that which in Egypt was so valuable, the favour of the king.

Such is the papyrus of Phtha-hotep; such the contents of the "oldest book in the world:" and for the preservation of this we have to thank one of the kings, Nantef.

Saint Wilfrid and Rome.

LIKE the battle's strong music, how bravely it roll'd,
The life of St. Wilfrid, the simple and bold !
So leal to his Church, and so leal to his land,
And so fit for the tools as they came to his hand ;
So fearless to fight and so tranquil to bear,
So easy to yield and so princely to dare :
An outcast abroad or a captive at home,
He but asks his assailants to meet him at Rome,

Ah, rude was the path by him trodden at times,
When they jeer'd him for folly or charged him with crimes,
When they thwarted with evil or cross'd him in good,
When clients forsook him and patrons withstood,
When churches and abbeys were wrench'd from his grasp,
When souls that he cherish'd broke loose from his clasp :
But stript of his fortune and chased from his home,
He is sure of his welcome in turning to Rome.

Oh, loathsome the air of his dungeon might be,
And weary his journeys by land and by sea ;
And parting from true hearts a shadow might cast,
And falsehood of cold hearts might chill with its blast ;
And snares round his pathway, and kings for his foes,
Make peril or thralldom wherever he goes :
But little he recks them abroad or at home,
For he trusts in his stronghold—Saint Peter and Rome.

He knew her by sense and he knew her by sight ;
He lived in her beauty, he cleaved to her right ;
He fought out her battles again and again,
And whene'er he was worsted he cried to her then :
And whoever was graceless, whoever was cold,
Rome knew her own champion in Wilfrid the Bold ;
And she bent full of fondness to welcome him home,
When, a child to his mother, came Wilfrid to Rome.

'Twas the dream of his youth and the crown of his age
Her spirit to win and her battle to wage ;
'Twas the love of the boy and the life of the man,
And the current went deep'ning as onward it ran,
Till the breath of her air and the glow of her skies
Was health to his spirit and light to his eyes ;
Till, wherever he wander'd, his heart was at home,
And throned like a monarch in visions of Rome.

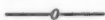
What wonder, as life was awaiting its close,
That visions of beauty all silently rose—
That voices came floating around and above
From the land of his worship, the shrine of his love,
Which had sooth'd him in exile and saved him from wrong—
Had won him so early and held him so long—
What wonder his spirit, in seeking its home,
Turn'd earthwards a moment to gaze upon Rome ?

What wonder our hearts, as they silently cast
Their looks full of questioning thought to the past,
Should see in that Saint, full of labour and years,
An anchor to rest on in hopes and in fears ?
Whether building his churches or singing his psalms,
Or helping his poor with his prayers and his alms,
A preacher abroad, or a pastor at home,
How helpful and hopeful he leans upon Rome !

He frets not at fortune he cannot command,
But whatever his tools are, he takes them in hand ;
He gathers from all things what all can produce
To forward his purpose or serve for his use ;
He stands by the block, a true martyr to be,
But cross'd in his purpose, a Confessor he :
They may tear from the bishop his flock and his home,
But the missionary still can be working for Rome !

O, lift up our hearts by the might of your own,
To tend to one centre, and seek it alone !
When clouds are above and when blasts are abroad,
To hear but our conscience and fear but our God ;
To ask for no quarter if nature should fight,
To yield to no pressure when arm'd for the right ;
In peril at peace, and in exile at home,
Still waiting for heaven, still working for Rome !

Personal Recollections of an old Oxonian.



II. CHRIST CHURCH UNDER DEAN SMITH.

BEFORE I had ended my undergraduate course at Christ Church, Dr. Hall was promoted to the golden deanery of Durham, and replaced in the headship of the College by Dr. Smith, one of the canons; a man who, I suppose, owed that important piece of preferment to private influence, as he was remarkable for nothing but his good nature. The removal of Dean Hall satisfied a growing public opinion, that in his bestowal of studentships, servitorships, and choristerships, he had looked rather to other considerations than to the merits of the candidates, or to the advantage of the society over which he presided; a society, be it remembered, partaking at once of an academical and ecclesiastical character. With regard indeed to choristerships, even his celebrated predecessor, Dean Jackson, seems to have shared somewhat of this indifference to personal claims, if credit may be attached to a story once told me by old Cyril's pupil, Bishop Lloyd. Lloyd said that once upon a time a boy appeared before the Dean as a candidate for a vacancy in the choir. "Well, boy," said the Dean, "what do you know of music?" "Please, sir," said the boy, "I has no more ear nor a stone, and no more voice nor an ass." "Never mind," said the Dean; "go your ways, boy; you'll make a very good chorister." Those who remember the musical portion of the service in Christ-Church Cathedral at the time of which I am speaking will not be disposed to acquit the successive deans of this indifference to the professional qualifications of those who took part in them. But Cyril certainly had one great advantage over his successor. In the disposal of studentships, at all events, he was often guided by a regard to merit; whereas in the days of his successor, more than one young man who would have done credit to the college was lost to it for want of being placed on the foundation. Bull used to lament this circumstance with all the energy of his characteristic *esprit de corps*. He had failed to secure a place on the foundation for his distinguished pupil Ewart, of whom I had occasion to speak in the last paper. But the loss to the college which he most deplored was that of John Carr, a very elegant and accomplished scholar, who gained a brilliant first-class, and afterwards became a Fellow of

Balliol. In fact, merit-studentships were never given in my time, except to such cases of literary excellence as could hardly have been overlooked without creating public scandal. It was thus that James Shergold Boone was made an exception to the general rule in consequence of his gaining both the Chancellor's undergraduate prizes and the Craven Scholarship in his first year; and that Augustus Page Saunders, the present amiable Dean of Peterborough, received an act of tardy justice in being placed on the foundation of his college as a reward for his success in the two first classes. The other distinguished men of my time had either come to Christ Church as Westminster students, or were not in circumstances to be placed on the foundation. This limitation of the most substantial college-rewards to cases of unusual merit left a considerable margin of private patronage to the Dean and Canons. It is needless to add that, in this matter of academical patronage, vast improvements have been made since the days to which I refer. While speaking of distinguished Westminster students, I must not forget to pay a tribute of honour to two men whom Bull once described in his annual censor's speech as "*pari apud juniore modestia, pari erga seniores reverentia.*" These were, my friend Robert Hussey, afterwards Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Edgerton Vernon Harcourt. Both of them were excellent scholars and hard readers, besides bearing a high character for their moral qualities.

After I had passed my public examination in the schools, I formed a resolution for which I have every reason to be grateful, since, in its remoter effects, it has been the origin of many valuable friendships, as well as a determining cause of those events in my after-life in which I have the most reason to rejoice. Instead of leaving Oxford for good, after my examination in the schools, I resolved upon remaining there to read for a fellowship, and thus to do all which was left to me towards repairing the neglect of my undergraduate life, and justifying the outlay which a generous parent had made towards the charges of my education. This resolution was kindly and warmly seconded by my tutor and the other college authorities, who, to do them justice, were always desirous of encouraging residence in the case of bachelors of arts whom they considered likely to avail themselves of its advantages. I had now been long enough at Christ Church as an undergraduate to obliterate the remembrance of my earlier breaches of college discipline, which my tutor, with characteristic kindness, was always disposed to attribute rather to weakness than wilfulness. I accordingly returned to Oxford in the Michaelmas term of the year in which I passed my examination, and never again left it, except for a short period, for

the next fifteen years. I entered upon my new course of residence under those advantages the want of which had been so serious an obstacle to my comfort at the beginning of my academical life. Before I took my degree of B.A., I had formed some pleasant acquaintances, with whom I was now able to associate much more habitually than when I was reading for the schools. I became a member of a social coterie, and we used to meet for wine in each other's rooms every evening. Among those who took part in these agreeable re-unions was the present Lord Stanhope and Lord Devon. I was likewise often invited to the Senior Common Room, the society of which was extremely agreeable. I read regularly, though not hard; and Oxford soon began to smile upon me. In the following year I gained the Chancellor's prize for the Latin Essay, and later on, the other also. These are honours of greater *éclat* than real worth; and though they have the name of University prizes, and are actually open to competition to all bachelors of art, they really represent little more than the competition of the resident bachelors. Yet such successes were of solid use to me, by giving me somewhat more of confidence in myself, and by qualifying me to become a candidate, without appearance of undue presumption, for the more substantial advantages of a fellowship on one of the open foundations. I had not long to wait for this opportunity, since in 1826 two vacancies at Oriel enlisted every bachelor of the slightest pretensions in the contest to supply them. The names of the twelve candidates who entered the lists were thus commemorated in Homeric verse by one of the fellows of Oriel; and I leave them to the interpretation of ingenious commentators:

Ἄνερες οἷδε δυνάμει ἐς Ὀριελ ἦλθον ἀγῶνα
 Φρούδος, Τοξοφόρος, καὶ Ἀλέκτορες Ἰχθύος ἀα,
 Κρίθος ἀμῶν, Κορίφαία πέτρῃ, Δρυοείκελος, Ἄγρος,
 Καλὸν ὄρος, Βιότου δ' ὄγ' ἐπάνυμος ἡμετέροιο*
 Ὀρας δ' ὀνόμ' ἔχων, καὶ Ἐκὼν ἀεκόντι γε θύμῳ.

The well-known name of Mr. Froude will speak for itself in its Greek representative; and the very happy rendering of that of Mr. Wilberforce, with which the above list concludes, will suggest the remembrance of Mr. Froude's companion in success, the late lamented Archdeacon of Yorkshire, so early cut off from the promise of a useful and distinguished career as a convert to the Catholic Church. An examination for an open fellowship—at least the *viva-voce* portion of it—is a far more nervous affair than an examination in the schools, and that at Oriel was especially so. You were taken up into a sort of tower, from which you looked down upon your examiners, who

* "Cobham," the name of the poet's "living."

made their presence visible to your eyes by expressions of countenance too readily interpreted in an unfavourable sense; and audible to your ears in scratchings of the pen or pencil, which were multiplied in proportion as you felt yourself getting into a hobble with a crabbed passage of an unfamiliar author, left in your hands to manage as best you could. These disadvantages were of course common to you with all your fellow-competitors; but this was a conclusion of the reason which was not adequate as a relief to the pressure of such facts upon the imagination. I remember when I afterwards stood for a fellowship at another college, and was suffering under the real torture of this ordeal, how great an alleviation of my embarrassment it was to see the head of the college regaling himself over a basin of soup. I suppose that I had expected to see him feasting on nectar and ambrosia. As I did not succeed at Oriel, my residence at Christ Church continued without interruption during nearly the whole of my bachelor's career, and I continued to receive marks of kindness and favour from the college authorities, which I remember with sincere gratitude. The pecuniary advantages of a studentship were almost made up to me by the proceeds of an exhibition and constant advances of money, about which I am to this day ignorant how they arose, except that I know I was told to apply to the treasurer from time to time, and that I never came away empty-handed. This period of my Oxford life is that upon which I look back with the greatest human pleasure, though very possibly it was not that which was the most useful to me.

It was at this time principally that I attended Lloyd's celebrated private Divinity Lectures. Thither repaired all the *élite* of graduate Oxford,—Pusey, Newman, Edward Denison, Froude, Robert Wilberforce, William Churton, Moberly, and about twenty or thirty more. Lloyd was the very prince of college-lecturers—a master in that art in which I have known so many failures. Two qualifications are above all necessary in a college-lecturer, as will be better understood when we remember what college-lectures are. They are not like professorial lectures, in which the lecturer talks away to a body of silent hearers arranged in ranks before him; but partake far more of a free and colloquial character, where the lecturer rather converses than dogmatises, and the pupils feel themselves at liberty to propose to him as many difficulties as he is benevolent enough to receive. Hence it is in the first place necessary that the lecturer should have a sufficient command of his subject, since he is generally devoid of those resources which enable a man who is making a speech—and especially a speech he has often made before—to disguise his ignorance under a showy display of knowledge. In fact, tutorial lectures

bear just the same relation to professorial which paper examination does to *viva-voce*, the comparative advantages of which are so well described by Dr. Arnold in one of his letters on the London University. The next and no less important requisite in a lecturer is that he should not be afraid of his class, or of any one in it; and a part of this qualification is that he should not be ashamed of confessing his ignorance, or rather that he should know enough of what he is expected to know to allow of the confession of his ignorance of what is merely supplemental to the subject which he undertakes. He has to deal with the most critical, and even captious, of all possible audiences, by which his shortcomings and unavoidable defects are sure to be noticed and canvassed,—perhaps even drawn out by what is regarded as justifiable malice. There was once a tutor at one of the principal colleges at Oxford, who was a good scholar and a clever man, but he wanted the tact to manage a class of aristocratic and intelligent pupils. He had the misfortune not to be able to pronounce the letter *r*, to which he always gave the sound of *w*. Two of his pupils in whose names the proscribed letter happened to be prominent, entered into an agreement with one another, that whatever question he might ask as to the meaning of a proper name, they would answer in one of two ways—and always in the wrong way—by saying alternately that it meant “a noble Roman,” or “a river in Thessaly.” These replies produced the desired effect, in a burst of indignation from the tutor, giving opportunity for a reiterated employment of the letter which he was in the habit of mispronouncing. This only shows what might be the results of the system where the lecturer was no match for his class in point of tact and presence of mind. Yet its immense use was in point of fact independent of any possible abuse. Not merely did it give the opportunity of acquiring that deep and practical knowledge of the subject in hand which is peculiarly the gift of an Oxford education, but it encouraged those relations of mutual confidence between the teacher and the taught which constitute one especial advantage of the tutorial as compared with the professorial method.

Lloyd's peculiar excellence with his private Divinity class was, no doubt, the result in part of his former experience as a college-tutor; indeed, some of his pupils in that class had also been his pupils when he was tutor. As far as my recollection serves me, the tact and presence of mind which he showed with his class were characteristic of the Christ-Church lecturers in general; certainly of those which I attended as an undergraduate, as well as of his own. Never were there two men of more opposite characters than Bull and Short; yet all that I knew of Bull's lectures from personal ex-

perience, and all that I have often heard of Short's from his own pupils, convinces me that, however different might be the character of their several teaching, they had alike the same command of their subjects and of their classes. One of their merits was that they were perfectly self-possessed, and adequate to all those possible emergencies which no man in a public situation can foresee or control, but which may easily damage the influence of one who does not know how to deal with them in a befitting way. I have known college-tutors who met this difficulty by desiring that no message of any kind might be brought to them during the hour when they were occupied with their class. I do not wish to say a word against this mode of escaping awkward conjunctures; but I conceive that which was preferred by Bull and Short to have been the more heroic, and, upon the whole, the more successful. They used to run their chance of such interruptions, under a conviction that they were fully equal to the encounter. Thus it would sometimes happen that, while Short was engaged in illustrating the Fifth Book of Ethics by the laws of political economy, or while Bull was in a *furor* of classical enthusiasm over an ode of Pindar or a chorus of Sophocles, there would enter the manciple,—a pale, placid official connected with the culinary department,—who came to Bull as the senior censor, or, in his absence, to Short as the junior, to take their pleasure as to the dinner at the Master's table for the day; and the answer of each college authority used to be given with a courageous indifference to the criticisms and comparisons to which it might have been expected to lead, and actually did lead, among their respective pupils. To the manciple's interrogative Short would reply, with a slight manifestation of impatience at the interruption, "Oh, any thing you've got,—a boiled leg of mutton and a pudding." Bull, however, always seemed to have his reply at hand in some such form as the following: "A fricandeau, a pheasant, and an omelette *au sucre*." The respective classes of the two tutors used to agree that when they became masters of arts they would never dine when Bull dined out.

I hope the reader will pardon this little episode upon college-lecturers, which really bears more than he may be aware upon the subject in hand. And now to return to Lloyd. Some of his divinity-lectures were given before he became Bishop of Oxford, and some afterwards; but his elevation to the dignity did not produce the slightest difference in his demeanour, or even in his dress; the only symbol of it being his wig, which used to hang upon a peg in the door. He always wore a long loose coat, little removed from a dressing-gown, and carried in his hand a coloured pocket-handker-

chief, as a necessary accompaniment of his habits as a professed snuff-taker. Those of his class under whose eyes these papers may chance to fall will remember that he never sat down, but always instructed peripatetically, making the circuit of his large class once and again, and accosting its several members, or those at least whom he might choose to select, with a question which in its turn formed the handle of a reply of his own, full of information conveyed in a most attractive form. His treatment of his pupils, particularly of those with whom he was well acquainted, or who had established a claim to his favour, was familiar and free to an extent upon which few men but himself could have ventured. He generally accosted them by a kick on the shin, or by pulling their ears and noses to a degree which made them tingle; but these methods of address, far from being resented as a liberty, were received as the greatest of all possible compliments, inasmuch as they were rightly understood to be proofs of his especial confidence and regard. He had some peculiar phrases which will recall him to mind after many long years. When any one answered a question from his own imagination, or produced some strange piece of information on it, Lloyd would ask whether he had received a letter on the subject. The word "special" was a favourite with him, and he always pronounced it with peculiar emphasis; and he generally drew attention to what he was saying by a copious use of the interrogative "d'ye see?" Thus, for example, he would go up to some man to whom he considered he might suitably address himself on such a subject, and, after the friendly kick, would go on as follows: "I suppose, Mr. Woods, you have been taught from your cradle upwards that it is the special duty of a Christian to abuse the Roman Catholics;" then with another kick, "that, d'ye see? I hold to be a mistake." Then he would proceed to say, "When I was a youngster, I happened to know some of the French emigrant clergy, and a better set of men never existed; I got a great deal out of them about their religion, and came to very different conclusions about it from those in which I was brought up." Lloyd's method of lecturing exhibited with the happiest effect the peculiarly ethical character of the Oxford system, which has been often remarked by those best acquainted with it as one of its greatest advantages. There was not one of his pupils who did not feel that he was a friend to whom he might have recourse at any period, or in any case of difficulty, with an assurance that he would always be kindly received. Lloyd's death in 1829 was a great blow to the University; for although the precedent of private divinity-lectures set by him has been followed, I believe, by all his successors, he could not transmit to posterity those peculiar qualifications of personal

character and influence which constituted their chief attraction, and imparted to them their extraordinary value.

As a bachelor of arts living chiefly among those of my own standing, or with the very oldest of the undergraduates, I had no opportunity of forming any judgment of the moral and religious state of Christ Church during the period at which I have arrived; but I have every reason to believe that it was in a state of progressive improvement. Some young men of what was called the Evangelical party had now come into residence there; and as they were amiable as well as religious, and as there was sufficient good-feeling among their contemporaries to secure them against molestation, even if not to obtain for them a certain respect, they had an influence for good beyond the sphere of the small circle in which they lived. With this exception I do not remember that the idea of religion as a practical rule of life was ever suggested to me while I was at Christ Church, although dissuasions from immorality in one shape or another were occasionally put before me by those who had authority over me. More than this was certainly done at other colleges; for I remember that a friend of mine who was at Oriel used to tell me how great an impression had been made upon him by his excellent tutor Hawkins, the present Provost, in the course of walks which he had been asked to take with him. At Christ Church the only way in which religion, as such, was put before us was in the public prayers of the college, than which nothing could well have been more adverse to its proper influence. The services were so managed that it would have been hardly possible for any one to make a good use of them even had he wished it; and I do not think that such a wish was largely shared. Little or no care was taken to secure even the decent behaviour of those who attended chapel as a general rule; and it was only when that behaviour broke out, as was sometimes the case in the evening, into the most disgraceful irreverence, that authorities interposed to control it. The names of those present used, when I was at Christ Church, to be noted by the registering student during the time of the service itself; and the period chosen was especially during the Creed, when every one turned round towards the Communion-table. During the greater part of my undergraduate time the most irregular and unpunctual attendant at the chapel was the Dean himself. But an improvement in these respects was set on foot before I left Christ Church, and has, I believe, continued to proceed. One practice which existed in other colleges was unknown at Christ Church—I mean that of forcing the men to go to Communion once a term. This, as far as it went, was an advantage; though the alternative was, after all, one between profaneness and irreligion.

About this time the Union Debating Society, which was first established somewhere about the year 1823, had begun to assume much of the importance which afterwards belonged to it. I have no doubt that it has been in two ways of great use to Oxford; as a means of moral improvement, to say nothing of its advantages as a school of oratory and parliamentary practice to those of whom so many are likely to be called into positions where such a preparation must prove of signal use to them. The Union Society, by placing men of all the various colleges upon a footing of perfect equality, has operated more than any other single agency towards the removal of those invidious distinctions and college rivalries to which I adverted in my last paper. There can be no doubt also that it has been of great service in furnishing useful and innocent subjects of conversation and pursuit to many, who before it existed were led to seek pleasure in topics and interests of a less praiseworthy character. For a long time the authorities of the University discouraged the Union, and even after they ceased to discourage it, were unwilling to give it any thing like an avowed protection; but I believe they have learned by experience that its tendency to draw undergraduates from the characteristic studies of the University is far more than counterbalanced by its advantage in another direction; and that, even in the light of an academical institution, its benefit has been far from inconsiderable in widening the range of useful knowledge, and bringing the light of modern political experience to bear upon the history of ancient times. Need I add, that the great living representative of the benefits—both intellectual and moral—of the Oxford Union Society is to be seen in the person of Mr. Gladstone, who, as an undergraduate of Christ Church, was alike the foremost orator of the Union and an example to his companions of the possibility of combining youthful virtue with that deportment of humility and social kindness which is best calculated to win others to the imitation of it.

I now bid adieu to Christ Church, not without regret; and must reappear, if at all, in another neighbourhood.

Proposed Substitutes for the Steam-Engine.

THE present year has been remarkable for the large number of machines invented for the purpose of superseding steam, in at least some of its lighter tasks. Many of these are due to French engineers; being further proofs, if any were required, of the great activity now displayed in France in all matters of mechanical invention.

Two of these new engines are especially interesting, as illustrating that all-important law in modern physics, the correlation or convertibility of forces. By this is meant that the forces of inanimate nature, such as light, heat, electricity—nay, even the muscular and nerve forces of living beings—have such a mutual dependence and connection, that each one is only produced or called into action by another, and only ceases to be manifest when it has given birth to a fresh force in its turn. Thus motion (in the shape of friction) produces heat, electricity, or light; heat produces light, or electricity; electricity, magnetism; and so on in an endless chain, which links together all the phenomena of this visible universe.

As a metaphysical principle, this is as old as Aristotle, and may be found dimly foreshadowed in the forcible lines of Lucretius :

“ — Pereunt imbres, ubi eos pater æther
In gremium matris terræ præcipitavit;
At nitidæ surgunt fruges, ramique virescunt,
Arboribus crescunt ipsæ, fetuque gravantur,
Hinc alitur porro nostrum genus atque ferarum.

Haud igitur penitus pereunt quæcumque videntur,
Quando aliud ex alio reficit natura, nec ullam
Rem gigni patitur, nisi morte adjuta aliena.”*

But the rediscovery of this law, as a result of experiment, is due to English physicists of our own day; and it is so invariably true, and the produced force is always so perfectly proportioned to the force producing it, that some† have gone so far as to revive a very old hypothesis in philosophy, supposing that all the forces of nature are but differently expressed forms of the Divine Will.

As a corollary to this law, it follows that many a force of nature,

* Lucret. lib. i. 250-65.

† Dr. Carpenter, *Philos. Trans.* 1850, vol. ii.

hitherto neglected because of its position or intractability, may be turned to practical account by using it to produce some new power, which may be either stored up or transmitted to a distance, and so can be employed wherever and whenever it is required. Thus, in the first machine we propose to notice, a M. Cazal has just hit upon a plan by which to use the power of falling water at a considerable distance. He employs a water-wheel to turn a magneto-electric machine (of the kind used for medical purposes, on a very large scale), and the electric force so obtained may be conveyed to any distance, and employed there as a motive power. In this way a mountain-stream in the Alps or Pyrenees may turn a lathe, or set a loom in motion, in a workshop in Paris or Lyons; or even (as has been remarked), if a wire were laid across the Atlantic, the whole force of Niagara would be at our disposal.

The idea is at present quite in its infancy; but we are told that the few experiments hitherto made show that such an engine is not only very ingenious but perfectly feasible, and (most important of all) economical.

The second engine gave promise of considerable success when first brought out in Paris about eight months ago. It was invented by a M. Tellier, and proceeds on the principle of storing up force, to be used when wanted. It has long been well known to chemists that a certain number of gases (as chlorine, carbonic acid, ammonia, and sulphuretted hydrogen) can be condensed into liquids by cold or pressure, or both combined. Of all these gases, ammonia is the most easily liquefied, requiring for this purpose, at ordinary temperatures, a pressure only six and a half times greater than that of the atmosphere. A supply of liquid ammonia obtained in this manner is kept by M. Tellier in a closed vessel, and surrounded with a freezing mixture, so that it has but little tendency to return to the gaseous state. A small quantity is allowed to escape from this reservoir under the piston of the engine; and the temperature there being higher than in the reservoir, the ammonia becomes at once converted into gas, increasing thereby to more than twelve hundred times its previous bulk, and so driving the piston with great force to the top of the cylinder. A little water is now admitted, which entirely dissolves the ammonia; a vacuum being thus created, and the piston driven down again by the pressure of the air without. M. Tellier employs three such cylinders, which work in succession; and the only apparent limit to the power to be obtained from this machine is the amount of liquid ammonia which would have to be used, about three gallons (or twenty-two pounds) being required for each horse-power per hour. There is no waste of material; for the water which has

dissolved the gas is saved, and the ammonia recovered from it by evaporation, and afterwards recondensed into a liquid. M. Tellier proposed to use his engine for propelling omnibuses and other vehicles; but it would appear that it is too expensive and too cumbersome to be practically useful: there can, however, be very little doubt that the principle will be used with success in some new form. A patent has quite recently been taken out for such an engine in England. It will be perceived at once how the ammonia-engine illustrates the law of storing up force. It originates no power of its own, but simply gives out by degrees the mechanical force which had been previously employed to change the ammonia from a gas to a liquid.

Lenoir's "gas-engine" has been more successful; for, although but a few months old, it has been already largely adopted in Parisian hotels, schools, and other large establishments, for raising lifts, making ices, and even—for what is not done nowadays by machinery?—cleaning boots. In London, it was lately exhibited in Cranbourne Street, and is now used for turning lathes and for other light work.

This engine, like the ammonia-engine, is provided with an ordinary cylinder, into which coal-gas and air are admitted, under the piston, in the proportions of eleven parts of the latter to one of the former. The mixture is then exploded by the electric spark; and the remaining air, being greatly expanded, drives up the piston. When the top is reached, the gas and air are again admitted, but this time above the piston, and the explosion is repeated, so that the piston is driven down again. The most ingenious part of the whole thing is the mechanism by which the electric spark is directed alternately to the upper and lower ends of the cylinder. This cannot be satisfactorily explained without a diagram, but is brought about (roughly speaking) by connecting either end of the cylinder with a semicircle of brass, which is touched by the "rotary crank" in the course of its revolution. The crank is already charged with electricity, and so communicates the electric spark to each of the semicircles in turn. The cylinder is kept plunged in water, so that there is no fear of its overheating by the constant explosions.

This engine has cheapness for its main recommendation. A half-horse-power gas-engine (the commonest power made) costs, when complete, 65*l.*, and consumes two pennyworth of gas per hour; while the cost of keeping the battery active is about fourpence per week.

An engineer of Lyons, M. Millon, has since proposed to use, instead of coal-gas, the gases produced by passing steam over red-

hot coke. These gases are found to explode rather more quickly than coal-gas, when mixed with common air, and fired by the electric spark. They will probably be found cheaper and more efficient when they can be obtained; but in many cases coal-gas will be the only material available.

A. M. Jules Gros has recently invented an engine in which gun-cotton is exploded in a strong reservoir and air compressed in another, the compressed air being afterwards employed to move the pistons of the machine. This sounds more dangerous than it perhaps really is, since gun-cotton is now known to be more tractable than gunpowder, when properly used; but we very much doubt whether the machine can be regular or economical enough to be more than a curiosity.

To close the list of French inventions of this kind, we may state that Count de Molin has lately patented an electro-magnetic machine, which, he states, will be more powerful than any previously made. It is too complicated for a mere verbal description to be of any use; but is apparently not free from the fault of all electro-magnetic engines, of costing too much to be of practical value.

Dr. Pusey as a Controversialist.

THE work* of Dr. Pusey, of which we are about to speak with as much brevity as possible, is one to which it is difficult to assign a single definite object. It seems to be meant to serve at least two or three purposes, not quite consistent with each other. It is sent into the world with a variety of names, which indicates plainly enough the various or shifting aims of the writer. It is called an *Eirenicon*—a name which implies an attempt on the part of the author to bring together parties at present at variance by representing to each its points of agreement with the other, and by making as little as possible of matters on which they disagree. It was also advertised as an "Answer to Dr. Manning," who has lately put forward some statements as to the Establishment which seem to Dr. Pusey's friends to require a response. It is also a defence of the Church of England; for it is called in the title-page, "The Church of England a portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a means of restoring visible unity." It appears, therefore, that the author undertakes to prove the Catholicity and Apostolicity of the English Church; and further than that, to demonstrate that she has some particular mission as "a means of restoring visible unity;" which visible unity, therefore, according to Dr. Pusey, the Catholic Church has lost. This, we suppose, is signified by the title placed on the back of the volume, "The Truth and *Office* of the English Church."

It is but fair to Dr. Pusey to enumerate these various titles, because they indicate the multifarious scope of the volume in his own words. No one can complain of his not attending to the matter in hand, unless he travels beyond them. At the same time it is obvious that the aims indicated by these several titles might have been pursued with greater advantage separately, and that their conjunction may fairly be expected to produce somewhat of confusion in the mind of the reader,—not to say that of the author. This is more likely to be the case in a book in which the author rambles on, without any division of chapters, from one subject to another; and after winding-up when he has run through less than three hundred pages,

* *The Church of England a portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a means of restoring visible unity.* An *Eirenicon*, in a letter to the Author of the *Christian Year*. By E. B. Pusey, D.D. Oxford and London, 1865.

begins again in a postscript, and pours forth fresh matter for nearly half as many again. We are bound to add our impression that another object, not avowed in the title-page, and seemingly very inconsistent with its professions, has been distinctly and consciously aimed at throughout very large parts of the volume, which would not have been written without it. That object is, the representing the system of the Catholic Church in such colours as to deter people from submitting to it. And when we consider the amount of industry and ingenuity which has been expended on these parts of the volume, and the great proportion which they bear to the remainder, it will not seem unfair to think that the book is in reality, far more than any thing else, an attack on the Catholic Church.

This, as coming from Dr. Pusey, is no matter of complaint, except so far as it comes under the friendly name of an *Eirenicon*. He belongs to, and is perhaps the chief of, a set of Anglican ministers who probably employ themselves as much as in any thing else in the process of what is called "settling" persons who are inclined to join the Catholic Church. It has been the lot of most persons of the more educated classes who have in these last few years become converts to Catholicism to have some experience of the ingenuity of this class of men; for, somehow or other, it has happened that in a majority of cases (at all events in a great many) they have been unsuccessful, at least ultimately. It is very far from our purpose to affirm that their efforts are not conscientiously made. But it is obvious that such an occupation must leave its mark upon the mind and character; and, when those who follow it fall into the obvious snare of carping at Catholicism, or trying to divert people from considering its claims, instead of giving them solid and positive reasons for believing that the Anglican Establishment is the Spouse of Christ, it is not at all surprising that it should occasionally engender a narrow, captious, disingenuous, and ungenerous spirit. So it seems certainly to have been with some of the smaller minds among those of whom we speak. The rumours that reach us of their methods of argument—"borne, as it were, on the breeze," as Dr. Pusey says,—are sometimes very ludicrous, sometimes very saddening, and would probably create no small surprise and indignation if they were collected and published. We allude to them only to point out that it is a great gain to have some fixity about matters of this kind, and to know, as far as may be gathered from this book, what Dr. Pusey, at least, really says, and what right he has to say it. Now, at all events, it will be people's own fault if they are taken in by unmeaning phrases. It is no longer "the air is ringing with voices bidding us remain;" or "the Anglican position is, for the moment, in a

state of solution;" or "the Church appears to be in a kind of deliquium;" or "all the converts are coming back again, except those that have gone mad;" or "poor So-and-so is very unhappy;" or "you must be in a very bad state of mind to ask such questions;" or "who can be dissatisfied who sees the vestments at St. Mary Magdalene's?" or "Dr. A. has read the Fathers, and is quite content, especially when he considers the firmness of Mr. B.;" or "Mr. B. is not so learned as Dr. A., and rests entirely on him;" or "go to confession to Mr. C., and you will have peace;" or "act as you would if you were in the true Church, and you will be safe;" or "throw yourself into active work, like Mr. D., who has made a vow never to entertain a doubt;" or "you should see the letters I have received from a friend in Spain;" and so on *ad infinitum*. When people take a definite line in print, they can be answered. Catholics have long desired that the residue of the Tractarian party, who have not followed what Dr. Newman has pointed out as the Providential direction of the Oxford movement to individual submission to the Church, should explain where they stand, and what are their principles. Hitherto but little has been done to satisfy this legitimate desire. Dr. Pusey has now abundantly done this. We can now judge whether there is any novelty in his charges; whether he has a deeper acquaintance with Catholicism than is usual in Anglican controversialists, or whether, after all, he is no better informed than writers such as Dr. Wordsworth, Dean Alford, or Mr. Burgon. We must avow our opinion that the few new notes that he has contributed to the No-popery cry are quite insignificant when compared with the greater volume of well-known and time-honoured strains which are here repeated—Mariolatry, Smithfield fires, forged decretals, Liberius and Honorius, and a great many other things of the same kind. But we are glad that Dr. Pusey has spoken out his full mind; and we sincerely hope that no one will in future suppose him to be a whit less Protestant or more Catholic in opinion than he has now declared himself to be.

In a literary point of view, however, the exigencies of Dr. Pusey's position have forced on him a great blunder. A professed negotiator of peace between two Churches or two countries may perhaps be justified if he puts forward in his addresses to the opposite party every topic of conciliation that he can find, and sinks all that may aggravate differences, while in his private communications with his own side he may declare strong disapproval of the same opposite party, and in such a way as to show that peace is impossible. But no one in such a position ever thought before of playing on the two strings at once, or of disclosing to his opponents, whom he is endeavouring to conciliate, the terms in which he speaks of them to his

friends, whom he is trying to make averse to conciliation. This is exactly what Dr. Pusey has done in the book before us; and—perhaps from long habit—he appears to be much more anxious to blacken Rome than to whitewash England. And the truth of this conclusion will be self-evident to any one who takes the trouble to look even at the table of contents prefixed to the volume—a cursory inspection of which will show that by far the greater portion of its pages are occupied in remarks on the Catholic system.* The title of the book ought to have been “A Dissuasive from Popery.” And as we have already dealt with those parts of it in which whatever defence of Anglicanism it contains is to be found, we shall endeavour in our present article to consider some of its characteristics and chief features as a work of controversy: but, in order to proceed with perfect fairness, we must begin by some general account of the line of Dr. Pusey’s argument, as far as it is discernible through the mass of matter with which it is somewhat overlaid.

The book opens with some personal explanations as to Dr. Pusey’s relations with the Evangelical party. It seems that he has always loved, and sought to act with them. But his acquaintance with them would seem to be limited; for he “never met with any who held the Lutheran doctrine of justification, that justifying faith is that whereby a person believes himself to be justified.” We then come to his defence of the Church of England, of which we have already spoken. We need only repeat, that he defends Anglicanism on grounds which would probably be repudiated by every single bishop on the bench, by nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand of her clergy, and by the laity in the same proportion. He argues that the unity of the Church need not be visible; that the “English Church has not rejected a visible Head”—(true enough in a sense, some people will say—for she has a very visible and practical Head, settling her doctrinal disputes and arranging her discipline for her, in

* An Anglican critic, very friendly to Dr. Pusey, may be quoted to confirm this statement. “Incidentally, indeed, in reply to a distinct challenge on one or two minor preliminary points, altogether of a personal nature, some conclusive proofs of the substantial soundness of her position are recapitulated, and cleared from objections of a casual and temporary character. But the proposition, that ‘the Church of England is a portion of Christ’s One Holy Catholic Church,’ is stated not so much as a subject to be debated as an hypothesis or granted premise on which to ground an argument for the latter member of the title, that she is providentially ‘a means of restoring visible unity’” (*Ecclesiastic* for November, p. 521). We have been unable to find the argument, “that the Establishment is a means of restoring unity,” in the pages of Dr. Pusey; but the former part of the statement is perfectly true.

the person of the Sovereign, as Dr. Pusey has often had occasion to feel); "that she is not more independent of Rome than Africa in the time of St. Augustine." We come next to an argument to which we have already alluded, which is meant to prove that, according to the theory maintained by Dr. Pusey, the "perpetual Divine Voice" of the Church is not therefore denied by those who agree with him, because there is at present no infallible authority to which they can submit their own opinions. This ends, in form, the defensive part of the volume. We next find Dr. Pusey entering on the subject of the Catholic system, with the professed object of pointing out what it is that "the English" object to. Here, again, we must incidentally remark that he speaks without any warrant in his own and his friends' name, as if in that of the Anglican Establishment itself. He distinctly says that the points of which he complains might be made the subject of explanation in the case of "corporate union," as in a treaty between one Church and another, but could not be made the matter of any stipulation in the case of individual submission. But by what right does Dr. Pusey speak in the name of the Anglican authorities? He has not only represented the Anglican doctrine in a way which they would disclaim, but he has very far understated the number of points as to which they would require "explanation." This flaw technically vitiates the whole of the second part of his argument. What would be the use of considering proposals which would be at once disavowed by those in whose name they are made? Unless Dr. Pusey thinks and speaks as the head of a party in the Establishment, which would act for itself, it is difficult to see how he can suppose it to be of any use to make such statements. In that case many parts of the book would be more intelligible. Dr. Pusey should tell us whether he contemplates it. It is more easy to explain what will strike the Catholic reader at every page; we mean Dr. Pusey's very deep ignorance of the system of which he is speaking, and his frequent inability to understand even the words he uses. The only wonder is that Dr. Pusey should think that he understands what Catholics mean—better, as it will appear, than they do themselves. But he cannot be ignorant of the "practical system" of Anglicanism as distinguished from its formal definitions and symbols; and therefore he is surely aware that he has no right whatever to say that "our Church must accept" this or that Catholic explanation of a doctrine or a practice attacked in the Thirty-nine Articles. His theory is, that "the English"—that is, himself and his friends—do not object to any thing in Catholicism which is formally taught as a matter of faith. Here, of course, *he separates himself from all those in his own communion who object to any thing which is laid*

down by the Council of Trent. These, of course, are not "the English." But, he adds, there is a large, wide-spread, prevalent, quasi-authoritative system of Catholicism which he does object to; and this the Catholic Church is to surrender, or to explain. This brings him to what we venture to call the real matter of his book. For nearly a hundred pages—the whole letter, exclusive of the postscript and notes, does not extend to three hundred—Dr. Pusey attacks the devotion to our Blessed Lady, such as he conceives it to be, among Catholics in the present day. Part of this attack deals with the recent definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; part with other developments, as Dr. Pusey calls them, of the honour paid to and the language used with regard to the Mother of God. He seems to be quite unable to shake himself free from this subject, for he returns to it from time to time, after he has apparently gone on to other topics, such as Purgatory and Indulgences. Then we find ourselves in the midst of the Gallican writers, especially Du Pin and Fleury. Du Pin is invoked as having commenced a negotiation with Archbishop Wake, and his opinion as to the possibility of tolerating the Thirty-nine Articles is adduced. Fleury is called in to bear witness to the exaggeration of the Papal power in consequence of the "forged decretals." We then come to Dr. Pusey's views for the future. He seems to think that the Catholic Church is in the greatest danger from the widespread exaggeration, as he thinks it, of the honour due to our Blessed Lady. What if a time were to come when it should be discovered that "Antiquity" knew nothing about all this? He seems to suppose that there might be a collapse of faith, which it might be the "possible office" of the English Church to check. Then we have the well-known passage of De Maistre, in which she is called "precious;" and the letter concludes with the expression of Dr. Pusey's hopes as to her recognition by the Eastern Church, and his sanguine view as to her present condition. The postscript which is subjoined, and which occupies about fifty pages, is chiefly devoted to an attempt to deduce absurd conclusions from the views as to the infallibility of the Pope which have lately been put forward in the *Dublin Review*. The notes are three in number. The first contains a set of passages from the Fathers, to the effect that "Holy Scripture contains the faith;" the second gives a number of passages from the answers of the Catholic Bishops to the present Holy Father when consulted as to the definition of the Immaculate Conception, in which passages doubts are expressed as to its expediency; the third is headed "The Greek Church believes the Blessed Virgin to have been conceived in original sin."

Our readers will at once be struck with the great variety of points raised by Dr. Pusey; and if we were to take into account insinuations and *obiter dicta*,—with which his pages abound,—it would be very difficult indeed to say which of the current charges against Catholicism he has omitted to repeat, and of which of the well-used arguments of former Protestant controversialists he has neglected to avail himself. But if we ask ourselves what is the pith of the book, and what is Dr. Pusey's special contribution to the armoury of anti-Catholic writers, it is not so easy to find a satisfactory answer to the question. Let us begin by trying to knock off irrelevant matter. Here we shall find a good deal to do. It would be difficult to explain, for instance, the object of the long note filled with quotations from the Fathers about the faith being contained in the Scriptures, unless it be to give an impression that Dr. Pusey's adversaries—Catholics of course—differ from the Fathers on this point. It is quite as easy to prove from the Fathers—almost as easy from many of Dr. Pusey's own quotations—that they most fully recognised tradition, and the authority of the Church as the guardian of Scripture. Dr. Pusey knows, as well as he knows any thing, that the Fathers do not in the least support the notion that the "faith is contained in the Scriptures" in any sense in which Catholics deny it and Protestants maintain it. This note, therefore, is surely superfluous and illusory. We may almost say the same as to the other long note containing passages from the answers of Catholic bishops on the subject of the definition of the Immaculate Conception. These answers are, in many cases, not very fairly used by Dr. Pusey.* But granting his use of them as it stands, we are at a loss to see what they have to do in this book, as far as its argument is concerned. They may serve a purpose by creating an impression that the Catholic Episcopate was not unanimous in advising the definition, or they may show that he has had access to a copy of the *Pareri*. But his book ought to prove that the Anglican Establishment has valid orders; that her formularies are orthodox; that she is really within the pale of Catholic unity. These are the questions on which every thing is at stake; and his title conveys some promise

* Dr. Pusey gives wrong numbers; we give the correct statement as put forth in the official document. Dr. Pusey says, "the whole number" (of answers) was about 490. The fact is, that 546 bishops not only declared their devotion and that of their people to the Immaculate Conception, but earnestly begged for the definition. Fifty-six others differed in various ways. Four or five were against the definition in itself; the others were for the definition, but held various opinions either as to its opportuneness at that time, or as to the way in which it should be made. The answers of eight archbishops and nineteen bishops came too late for insertion in the *Pareri*.

of dealing with them. At all events, he ought to tell us whether the Immaculate Conception is a part of that formally defined Catholic faith to which he does not object, or of that "vast practical system" to which he does. In the former case he is inconsistent in attacking it; but how can he maintain the latter alternative? Even on Gallican grounds, and granting, to save time, that some bishops demurred to the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception as such, and not merely to the opportuneness of its definition, how does the matter stand? Eleven years have passed since the solemn definition by the Pope, in the presence of, and after careful consultation with, as many bishops of different parts of the world as have been present at several Councils of the Church; the decree has been accepted universally with joy and enthusiasm; nor can Dr. Pusey adduce a single Catholic bishop who has expressed his dissent from it. That long note, therefore, with the passages in the text to which it is appended, forms another portion of his volume which contains no argument whatever to his point. We may say the same of the many pages in which the name of Du Pin is conspicuous. It is one of the arts of controversy to select authorities craftily; to pass off upon the reader some name as of weight and moment which is in reality of no value at all. Du Pin was a man of learning, but so were Jansenius and Quesnel; and to know that any one of them was connected with an attempt to bring about a reconciliation between the Anglican Church and the Catholic Church would have been quite enough to stamp such an attempt, from the Catholic point of view, with the character of treachery and double-dealing. Du Pin was always being condemned, and then retracting in order to retain his posts. The Pope called him a man "of very bad doctrine;" and when at last his papers were seized, it was found that he was ready not only to concede the interpretations of the articles on which Dr. Pusey builds, but to go beyond, probably, what his modern admirer would like; for he would have surrendered auricular confession, transubstantiation, fasting and abstinence, religious vows, Papal supremacy, and the celibacy of the clergy,—which latter he was supposed, in his own person, to have violated secretly. Surely Dr. Pusey's readers might have been told that the man whose "large-hearted statements" were contrasted with the opinions of Dr. Manning, was a person of no sort of weight or character among Catholics. This part, therefore, of the volume is also illusory. We may say much the same about a number of pages that are occupied with quotations from Fleury about the false decretals. We have little doubt that the effect intended to be produced by these passages is an impression that the decretals were forged by Roman hands

to increase the authority of the Pope; that a new system of Church government was introduced by them, which remains to this day; and that it is this system which prevents the union of the Greek and Anglican Churches with the Holy See. Unless these things are true, Fleury is quoted to little purpose, save that of exciting prejudice by the damaging charge of forgery. What are the facts, according to modern criticism, even among Protestants? The decretals were not forged at Rome, or by Roman hands: they are of German-French origin, and what was new in them seems to have been forged mainly with a view to make appeals in episcopal causes difficult; and, as some say, with a view to raise Mayence to the rank of a patriarchal see. Forgery is an ugly name; but, after all, no one forges what is not current coin. The great mass of spurious matter which was passed off as the letters, &c. of Popes obtained credit for the very reason that spurious coin obtains credit: because it was not unlike what was the current belief and prevailing practice. The idea of a sudden revolution in Church discipline brought about by forgeries is too absurd for any but a controversialist blinded by prejudice. Few people ever wrote more against the false decretals than the Protestant Blondel. He says, that almost all the decretals were composed out of the acknowledged authors of the time, and the genuine works of contemporary or ancient writers, and that the deception consisted in attributing *words* to the Popes which they had not used, and the more modern discipline to ancient times. Nor, finally, if the false decretals had never existed, would the case of the Anglican Establishment be one atom more tolerable than it is on the principles of Catholic unity. That part of Dr. Pusey's volume, therefore, is in reality nothing to the point.*

In fact, as far as the body of the work is concerned, if we except

* Dr. Pusey is rather too fond of the words "forgery" and "spurious;" and we take this opportunity of dealing with another instance in which he has made a perfectly unfair deduction, from the fact that, in uncritical times, certain writings were attributed to certain authors which are now acknowledged to have been the works of later writers. He quotes (p. 113) a passage from a preface of his own to an 'adapted' translation of a Catholic book of devotion published many years ago. The passage is very instructive, as showing how entirely his own reading is to him the standard by which he decides what is Catholic, what not. He speaks in it of "passages as to St. Mary once attributed to St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Ephrem, St. Chrysostom, under the shadow of whose great names this system grew up," which are now acknowledged to be spurious. In another place (p. 186) he actually ventures to assert, without the slightest shadow of proof, that the glowing passages in St. Bernard about our Blessed Lady are to be accounted for in this way: that St. Bernard thought by mistake that the Fathers had written what they had not. "St. Bernard," he says, "has strong passages, grounded on what the

some pages in which the case of the African Church is handled, and a few more on Purgatory, Indulgences, and Transsubstantiation, in which Dr. Pusey has shown a very great misapprehension of the theology of which he is speaking, the real pith of what he has to say is contained

Breviary stated to be the language of St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, &c., which Roman Catholic critics have discovered not to be theirs."

This passage is really a tissue of misstatements, partly made, partly implied. It supposes that the value of a passage which witnesses to the devotion or belief of the ever-living Church in any age depends upon the individual name with which it is connected: that the Fathers are authorities to us as individuals, not simply as witnesses to the belief of the Church. It then supposes that the authority of a passage, as a witness of such belief, is destroyed if it be given to another name rather than to that of its author: or that it could ever, under whatever name, right or wrong, obtain currency in authorised books of devotion and the services of the Church, except on account of its complete harmony with her mind and feeling. These suppositions are all false. In old times works of different authors were written on the same parchment, or bound up together, and there is often an error in quoting; but it stops there. No number of passages from St. Austin or St. Chrysostom against the devotion to our Blessed Lady would ever have made St. Bernard or any one else falter for a moment in that devotion: passages in harmony with it came to pass current as from them because they expressed what the whole Church felt. Dr. Pusey's statement about the Breviary and St. Bernard is not only gratuitous but absurd, if he means the present Breviary, which did not come into use till after the time of St. Bernard. It so chances, moreover, that he has contradicted himself by forgetting what he had before said about that very saint. In the Preface to the *Paradise of the Soul*, of which we have spoken (p. 6), he distinctly *excepts* St. Bernard, as a "great mind," from the common run of men, who take things from those who go before them. It is a perfect absurdity, besides being utterly without foundation, to say that St. Bernard was led away into a dangerous exaggeration—for that is what Dr. Pusey must mean—because certain passages were attributed to the Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries which were in reality more recent. It is also absurd to speak of the system being built on the mistake. The mistake came from "the system," not *vice versa*.

How much more natural would it have been for a person in Dr. Pusey's position—in the presence of the notorious fact that a great saint like St. Bernard, whose "devotion," as Dr. Pusey tells us, "was concentrated on Christ crucified," was so conspicuous also in his devotion to our Blessed Lady—to have allowed himself to suppose that it might be in fact possible that the one devotion was the fruit and complement, or rather an integral part, of the other, and that there must be something wrong and blind in his own mind which refuses to believe that it is so, in the teeth of the Catholic Church for so many centuries—and here, at least, he cannot pretend to have the Greeks with him—and against the uniform witness of the lives of the saints, who may have varied in character in many points, but never in this. Dr. Pusey may hunt for ever, he will never find a saint who did not carry out to the utmost devotion to our Lady in his own heart, and encourage it in others.

in the hundred pages or so in which he attacks the devotion of Catholics to our Blessed Lady. The question of the Immaculate Conception of course forms some part of this. With regard to this we shall only make one or two more remarks, with the view, chiefly, of showing Dr. Pusey's way of using the weapons of controversy. In the first place, then, we must point out two very careless statements. Dr. Pusey (p. 168) says that the mistaken reading of the Vulgate "*ipsa conteret caput tuum*" in the first prophecy in Genesis, "became the support of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception." This is not the case; the words are of course applied in that sense, but the strength of the passage, as far as it is used in dogmatic proofs, consists in the preceding words, "*Inimicitias ponam inter te et mulierem*," about which there is no dispute. Dr. Pusey himself quotes, as if built upon this mistake, the saying, "God has never made or formed but one *enmity*—it is between *Mary*, His worthy mother, and the devil—between the children of *Mary* and the children and instruments of *Lucifer*." How is a passage like this affected by a change of reading in the subsequent words? Again, as to the Greek Church, we have a statement which is simply astounding in its rashness. Dr. Pusey has said in his text, that the Greek Church "has protested against the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin" (p. 94). He refers us for proof to a note at the end, where we naturally expect to find the protest. There is nothing of the kind. Dr. Pusey says that Mr. G. Williams has furnished him with certain passages that illustrate the faith of the Russian Church. One is a Confession of 1642, in which it is said that all are conceived in sin: another is the similar statement of the Synod of Giasion, which condemned Cyril Lucar for saying that all (even the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist) had committed *actual* mortal sin: the third is a statement, like the first, coming from an individual patriarch of Jerusalem. It is obvious that these statements prove nothing, for they do not speak of *any* exception: strictly speaking, their words might be applied to the Conception of our Lord as much as to that of His mother. And, as a matter of fact, we understand that, as far as the question has been raised in the Russian Church, it has been maintained in the Catholic sense; and it is certain from the works of Passaglia and Ballerini—which are the classical works on the subject, and which Dr. Pusey does not seem to be acquainted with—that the Greek Fathers are even more copious in their testimonies to the ancient belief than the Latin.

Surely any thing like unscrupulousness of assertion is one of the greatest faults into which a controversialist can fall. Let us now instance another of Dr. Pusey's characteristics with reference to this

same subject of the Immaculate Conception. Any theological student will be struck with his very imperfect acquaintance with the common terms and distinctions of divines.* The distinction drawn between what are called the "active" and the "passive" conceptions—the one being the act on the part of the parents, the other the conception as it relates to the child—is very well known, and ought to be perfectly familiar to any one who undertakes to write about the Immaculate Conception. Dr. Pusey has heard or seen the words, but he does not understand them. He supposes this distinction to be the same as another, which was made by the scholastic authors, between the first and second moment or instant of conception in the child, in accordance with a belief then prevailing as to the possibility of the conception of the body preceding the creation and infusion of the soul into it. Not only does Dr. Pusey confuse the two in so many words (p. 331), but he founds one of his charges on the confusion. No one has ever thought of teaching, as far as we are aware, that the "active" conception, in the case of our Blessed Lady, was immaculate; but because the Pope has defined that she was immaculate in the first moment of her conception, Dr. Pusey maintains that the Holy Father has done more than the bishops asked for, because they only spoke of the "passive conception" (p. 148). On the strength of his own blunder, he not only tries to set the bishops against the Pope, but one Pope against another, because Alexander VII. spoke only of the *soul* of the Blessed Virgin "in the first instant of its creation and infusion into the body, in conformity with the distinction which Pius IX. rejects" (p. 332);—rather, which Dr. Pusey does not understand, though he talks so freely about it. In truth, we are obliged to say that we doubt whether he understands completely even what Catholics mean by original sin. He speaks of the "sanctification" of the Blessed Virgin as being the *contradictory*

* We may, in passing, add another instance of this to that given in the text. It is very significant, as showing—if the words are to be taken in their natural meaning—that Dr. Pusey has a view of his own as to the articles of the Creed itself. When speaking of himself (p. 7) he alludes to a time when he thought he was about to die, and says that he should have thus worded his confession of faith: "I believe *explicitly* all which I know God to have revealed to His Church; and *implicitly* (*implicite*) any thing, if He has revealed it, which I know not. In simple words, 'I believe all which the Church believes.' This is my habit of mind now—this I confess when I say to God, 'I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church.'" He seems to affirm that to say "I believe the Church," in the Creed, is not to say I believe the Church exists, but "I believe what the Church teaches." We fear that in reality his belief, like that of Bishop Ken, as expressed in his book on the Catechism, is *not* that there is one Church, but that there ought to be.

of her Immaculate Conception, which it certainly is not. The formal cause of the Immaculate Conception is the sanctification in that conception. The two gifts may be distinguished in this sense, that if Mary had been "sanctified" in the womb, but still *after* animation (as St. John Baptist), she would have been sanctified, but not Immaculate in her conception. As a fact, in the divine economy, the sanctification is identical with the Immaculate Conception, although there is a distinction *rationis*. Immaculate Conception cannot be without sanctification; but sanctification can be without Immaculate Conception, which is sanctification in a particular moment, that is, the first moment of conception. Yet Dr. Pusey finds an argument on the supposed contradiction, as if the fact that the Feast of the Conception was in some places understood as that of the sanctification implied that those who celebrated it under the latter title must have believed our Lady to have been born in original sin.*

* In an article like the present it is obvious that we cannot go into any detailed examination of the quotations of a book that is full of them. But we may give a specimen, in as few lines as possible, of the manner in which Dr. Pusey quotes. Let us take one of his apparently most triumphant passages (pp. 175-177), where he deals with this doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. It is full of references, the notes occupying all but one line of one page, and four of another. Yet we find hardly a single quotation accurate. St. Bernard is said to have opposed the *doctrine* at its appearance. What he opposed was the Feast—established in France without authority. It seems certain that he understood the *seminalis conceptio*: he acknowledges that he may be wrong, and refers to the guidance of the Holy See. Melchior Canus is then quoted, and Dr. Pusey has cited a great number of authors from him: but his words are, in reality, an *objection* he puts to himself, from Erasmus. St. Augustine is then asserted to have taught that our Lady was born in original sin: four places are given (not all rightly referred to), but they refer to the *activa conceptio*, which, as distinguished from the miraculous conception of our Lord, was natural and ordinary, *i. e.* by the intercourse of marriage. Then there is the statement about the Feast of the Conception having first meant the Sanctification, the "contradictory of the Immaculate Conception,"—only its contradictory in the minds of those who do not understand what it means. Bellarmine is here quoted, but not fairly. About this we have a quotation from Alvarus Pelagius—no great authority—in the fourteenth century. The words are not to be found in the ancient manuscripts of his writings: but they contain an assertion (de Imm. Conc. p. 103, n. 1) about the feast at Rome which has been proved false by Perrone. But Dr. Pusey has quoted the passage, or rather translated it, leaving out certain marks of *hiatus*, which alter the sense considerably. He seems to have copied it from Perrone, where the hiatus exists. Most of Dr. Pusey's other quotations are not to the point; and he ends his note by a long list of authors cited from Canus. But Perrone tells us that, on investigation, a great number of these citations turn out to be irrelevant or spurious; and Dr. Pusey, who certainly seems to have used him, ought to have taken some notice of the list of quotations adduced by him on the other side, as well

We are sorry to be obliged to say, that the remainder of Dr. Pusey's attack on the devotion to our Blessed Lady will fill any Catholic that may be obliged to read it with deep indignation; and we cannot but believe that it will shock many pious and sincere minds among Anglicans themselves, who may have been led by the instinctive love which Christians bear to our Blessed Lord to regard with singular devotion, reverence, and confidence her from whom none but heretics can ever separate Him. There have been some sweet notes struck by the author of the *Christian Year* on this subject, to which we have alluded in a former article; and we do not doubt that they have found their echoes in many hearts among the Anglicans. Dr. Pusey is, we fear, distinguished from Mr. Keble, and others like him, by a rooted hostility to these "instinctive reachings of the altar flame," as his friend has beautifully called them: he has ventured to take Catholic books of devotion, and leave out whole sections relating to this subject, and has treated even so practical and simple a book as the *Spiritual Combat* on the same principle. While he has thus branded himself with what to every Catholic mind is the prime and unmistakable note of the heretical spirit, he has won for himself the sad distinction of being one of the most prominent enemies of the devotion to our Lady in the nineteenth century. The portion of his work of which we are now speaking shows the amount of pains to which he has put himself to make out a case. It is more worthy of the Reformation Society or the pamphleteers of the Irish Church Mission than of one in Dr. Pusey's position. He has thrown together, without their context, a number of strong expressions used concerning the Mother of God by spiritual and devotional writers who have endeavoured to deepen and extend Catholic piety towards her; and he puts them forth in the most offensive way, as if to warn those who would embrace Catholicism. We should not quarrel with this in ultra-Protestants, who sincerely believe the Catholic Church to be anti-Christian; but Dr. Pusey can have no such excuse.

as of the great number of Fathers quoted by Passaglia and Ballerini. This specimen is enough. We are tempted by the importance of the subject of General Councils to add one more. Dr. Pusey says (p. 32), "Bellarmine, and indeed all Roman divines, affirm that General Councils have erred." There is no reference, and therefore no false quotation. But the statement is most false in the sense in which Dr. Pusey's readers will take it. Bellarmine says, "Concilium illud non posse errare (dico) quod absolute est Generale, et Ecclesiam universalem perfecte representat; ejusmodi autem Concilium non est, antequam adsit sententia Summi Pontificis" (de Concil. i. 4). He teaches that no Council is properly General, and therefore infallible, without the Pope. The Anglican Article, in support of which he is cited, of course speaks universally; its assertion is false, if Bellarmine's doctrine is true.

By the hypothesis on which he writes, he believes the Catholic Church to be, at all events, the largest and most active portion of Christ's mystical body—a portion with which he declares that he would gladly see the Church of England unite, after certain special "explanations." It is difficult, then, to believe that he really thinks that Catholics hold the monstrous doctrines which he imputes to them; or has the spirit of heresy overmastered his pen, and made him inconsistent with himself? As for the charges themselves, we shall only make general remarks. They are of that kind to which we might well feel justified in applying a term which Dr. Newman used with reference to some of the imputations of Mr. Kingsley: "These are impertinences, and we cart them away" as such. Surely, the whole question as to matters of this kind turns on the sense in which words are used; on the habitual frame of thought and attitude of mind in those who use them. Not even Dr. Pusey can affirm that any single expression and sentiment regarding our Blessed Lady here adduced, however high-flown and fervent, in which the warmest devotion has vented itself, is really incompatible with the tenderest and most exclusive love for our Blessed Lord, or any thing but a fruit and evidence of such love for Him, if Mary is nothing in herself to Catholics except through and for the sake of Jesus. And yet this truth is the simple axiomatic foundation of the whole of Catholic theology and Catholic devotion regarding her. The question, then, between us and Dr. Pusey is simply this, Which of the two can judge the best of the sense of our words and the meanings of our thoughts? And we say a question of such a kind might fairly be met with the word "impertinence." Dr. Pusey himself plaintively says, "It is somewhat hard that when I, *who ought to know myself best*, have denied that I have shifted my ground, the statement that I have should be reiterated. It is sowing mutual distrust." He complains, then, when in a matter of which other people *may* be judges he is not taken at his own word. Mutual distrust! What is it, then, when Dr. Pusey tells the whole Catholic world that he knows what they mean better than they do themselves? and this not on some point of light moment, but on a matter that involves the most momentous accusation that ever was made against the Church. Dr. Pusey tells us that, say what we will, he knows that by our devotion to the Mother we are interfering with the mediatorial office of the Son, and that we are, in fact, bringing on the reign of Antichrist by extending that devotion.

There we might fairly let the matter rest; for there are some charges which defeat themselves by their enormity, and no controversialist has a right to explanation who starts by saying that he will not believe any but his own. If we understand Dr. Pusey

rightly, he implies more than once that he will not accept the explanation that Catholics give of their own meaning in their devotions. He mentions some explanations, and then says, "This is not all." At the same time there are many among his readers who will doubtless be as much shocked as Catholics themselves at the imputations made against the Church, without being able for themselves to see the mingled ignorance and unfairness with which they have been made. For their sakes we are glad to see that the subject of the devotion to our Lady is to be handled by one who will speak with real authority on the matter, and who will put before Englishmen, with a clearness and precision which they will not be slow to appreciate after their experience of the book before us, the grounds on which the language and opinions with which Dr. Pusey has tried to startle them are in reality based, as far as they have any existence at all. Many of them are so utterly unknown to the great mass of Catholics, so entirely peculiar to their authors, out of whose books they have been dug, as it were, by Dr. Pusey, without the slightest regard either to the immediate context or the nature of the work in which they occur, as to require nothing more than a simple explanation as to their accordance with Catholic doctrine. Again, there are many mere *ad captandum* statements, which ought not to have been put into print. Thus Dr. Pusey, on the authority of an anonymous letter from Rome, inserts a statement (which he does not venture to say that he believes himself, but which will be quoted on his authority) that the "poorer people" in Rome believe that in the Holy Eucharist not only our Lord but His Mother is present.* This way of argument may serve a momentary purpose; for Dr. Pusey knows that a large body of his countrymen is unfortunately ready to believe any thing that is thrown in their way against the Catholic Church on the subject of the Blessed Virgin; but it strikes us as quite unworthy of a writer who sincerely seeks truth and peace.

We shall spare our readers any special remarks on the remaining† portions of Dr. Pusey's volume. The case of the African churches cannot be gone into except at some little length, though there would be no difficulty in showing that there is no choice before Dr. Pusey's

* In another place he has a statement, without a shadow of authority, that the natives in Southern India call "our Churches" (*i. e.* Anglican) Jesus Churches, and the Roman Catholic Churches Mary Churches. Does he know any where of a population calling Anglican Churches by the name of Catholic?

† We understand that this and other questions, which require handling in detail, are likely to be fully discussed in the forthcoming volume of *Essays* which is announced in our Advertisements.

critics but that between saying that he has forgotten the history, or that he has very much misconceived its bearing. On the questions of Purgatory and Transsubstantiation he has shown the same misunderstanding of Catholic theology as in that of the Immaculate Conception, and his quotations all through are very far from being exact. He seems to us to have taken them at second-hand from books, or to have trusted to the researches of others without verifying them. One more characteristic of Dr. Pusey as a controversialist we must mention with pain. It consists in the way in which he speaks of others from whom he may happen to differ. He is an eminently personal writer. If our readers have ever looked through his book on Daniel, they will remember the freedom with which he has scattered the epithets "infidel," "unbeliever," and the like, on all sides. In his present volume he has had occasion to deal with men with whom he was once associated, — men of learning and high character, — who have shown the sincerity of their convictions by giving up their position in the Anglican Church for the sake of what they believe to be the truth. Nothing could be more courteous and affectionate than the tone in which Dr. Manning addressed Dr. Pusey. The latter has spoken of him certainly with respect; but we consider that he has not done justice to Dr. Manning's views about the workings of the grace of God among members of religious bodies outside the Church. This, however, is little in comparison with the way in which others have been treated. Some words of Mr. Palmer, written before he became a Catholic, are quoted with the remark that "no one is responsible for the bold imagination of one who had as yet joined neither Greek nor Roman Communion, though he despised our own;" and Dr. Pusey, in using the first work of Mr. Allies on the question of Schism, which that writer himself has answered in his second, declares that the former is to be preferred to the latter, as having been written when the author was indifferent to the issue, and did not write as a partisan (p. 237). This seems to us hardly tolerable. The difference between Mr. Allies at one time and at the other was, that he wrote in defence of Anglicanism when he had a large living, and was still in possession of every thing that he would have to give up if his argument failed; and that he wrote against Anglicanism after he had surrendered his whole worldly position because he believed communion with the See of St. Peter necessary. Dr. Pusey may think as he likes about the comparative value of the two works; but he has no right to insinuate a lower motive in the one case than in the other.

It must always be a matter of sincere pain to any Catholic critic to

have to point out features such as these as characteristic of Dr. Pusey as a controversialist. Incorrectness of quotation; great misunderstanding, if not misrepresentation, of the matters in debate; over-readiness in assertion on his own side of the question; the frequent use of charges and insinuations which imply a want of generosity to those from whom he dissents,—these are faults, as he himself must be aware, which have usually been found on the heretical rather than the orthodox side in religious discussions. It is not our province or our purpose to charge him with having fallen into them consciously. He will perhaps think it no bad compliment to be told that he is not made for controversy. He shows little capacity of understanding his adversary's argument. We are very far from undervaluing either his abilities or his erudition; but his grasp of dogmatic truth is at the best very unsteady, and he seems to us never to have made any systematic study of theology as such. He defends his own position with intense tenacity, but also with that heat, and, we must say, recklessness, which give the impression that his wishes stand to him in the place of reasons, or that he has other grounds for his conviction than those which he produces. We have before remarked on the fatal mistake of thinking that the Fathers and the monuments of the ancient Church can possibly be understood except by those acquainted with the Catholic system, which alone gives them their proper interpretation; which fills up the outline where they give nothing more, and gives to every thing mentioned and hinted at in them its due place, proportion, and relation. Dr. Pusey has not avoided the further mistake of thinking that he can fairly catch the spirit of the Catholicism of the present day without communication with those who daily breathe its atmosphere. No French traveller laying down the law about English manners and institutions, after a fortnight's visit to London, is more entirely at sea than Dr. Pusey in his picture of the state of opinion among Catholics,—for instance, as to the devotion to our Lady.

We are very far from saying that Dr. Pusey's book would never have been written if he had first talked over its contents with any Catholic friend, because we believe that he starts in reality from the principle of private judgment. The difference between him and Catholics is therefore one of principle. But if we pass to matters of detail, as to which he thinks that "the English" have a fair right to ask for explanations or concessions from the Catholic Church, no one at all familiar with theology can fail to see that in nine cases out of ten his difficulties are such as do not require any more authoritative explanation than could be given him by any professor of dogma in any Catholic college. It seems idle enough, certainly, to call upon

great ecclesiastical authorities to answer questions as to doctrine which may be found answered in ordinary manuals, and to explain difficulties about devotional ideas and practices which a little personal intercourse with those who are familiar with them would dispel. But it is one of the characteristics of a certain school of Anglicans to believe that they understand the meaning of our words better than we do ourselves, and "to sow mutual distrust" by never accepting as really meant the interpretations which Catholics themselves put upon their own usages; and their grand weapon of controversy, when they have to "settle" individuals with Catholic leanings, is to prevent them from testing what they are told about Catholicism by intercourse with those who profess it. It is not unnatural that, when a leader of such a school comes to write about Catholicism, he should show that he is as unacquainted with it as he would fain have others be.

It is, however, a good sign that such a book should have been elicited from Dr. Pusey. It cannot but create discussion and arouse a spirit of inquiry among his Anglican brethren; and Catholics ask for nothing more. It is hardly possible but that it should call forth answers from Catholic writers, which may make an impression on the public mind more lasting and beneficial than the mere argumentative victory, which is already secured to them by the controversial defects of Dr. Pusey's volume. In his sanguine way, he tells us of the good which he conceives to have been effected among the Anglicans by the assaults made on Christian truth by the authors of the *Essays and Reviews*: "They have already done more to remove misconceptions and prejudices than twenty years of efforts of our own" (p. 285). We are not quite able to see the gain of which he speaks; for the union, such as it is, between Dr. Pusey and the Evangelicals, can only be made real and lasting by a growing indifference to sound doctrine, and the judgment in the case of the *Essays and Reviews* has become part of the permanent law of the English Church. But we may take Dr. Pusey's words, and apply them with a firm hope to his own attack on Catholicism. We believe that the real immediate tendency of the book will be, with intellectual minds, to help on infidelity and indifference; for, without bettering the anomalous condition of Anglicanism, it will furnish many who will inquire no further with excuses for turning their thoughts away from the Catholic Church. This is a grave thing to be responsible for; but Dr. Pusey has shown that he is not afraid of it. So far, then, he may destroy with one hand while he is trying to build with the other. But we are full of hope that his book is an indication that the higher Anglicans are beginning to turn their

attention to that great and vital controversy on which their whole position depends, and from which they have yet so resolutely turned their faces away for many years past. Their neglect has thrown the polemics of their party into the hands of the men who peep into St. Alfonso, and play the eavesdropper to the devotions of the Italian peasantry. Let us hope that the time may be at hand when they will acquaint themselves with Catholic theology, and not shrink from free intercourse with those who can inform as to the meaning of the details of a system, which would never be the habitual atmosphere of so many millions if it could be understood by a stranger through the study of a few old books. Certainly Dr. Pusey's work is not encouraging; for he has done so much to transplant Catholic devotions, and even Catholic rules of life, into English soil, that he might be supposed to be somewhat better acquainted with the rest of the Catholic system than many of his brethren. But future controversialists need not be so strange to their subject as he has shown himself to be; and discussion implies mutual confidence as well as partial division. The victory of peace will be far more than half won when the language used by one party is understood by the other, and when it shall come to be considered as no extravagant concession of charity to believe that Catholics are what they profess, and mean what they say.

The Windeck Family.*

CHAPTER I.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

A SWEET summer evening was falling on the banks of the Maine, and the white villages and towers were gleaming through vineyards and orchards. On the right bank rose the monastery of Engelberg, where the poorest of St. Francis's children, the Capuchins, serve God and their brethren night and day. On the other side stood Schloss Windeck, a building in the Renaissance style, under the shade of ancient chestnuts and linden trees, with its terraced garden gay with fountains and flowers. A little girl sat there, watching the dancing water with her great dreamy eyes; and from the opposite bank of the river a boat was making its way from Engelberg to Windeck. It was occupied by an aged man and a young girl; and deeper than the peace of the evening sky, or the quiet river, or the whole tranquil scene, was the peace which rested on their faces, for it was the peace which is not of this world.

Within the castle, Damian, Count Windeck, was walking up and down the drawing-room opening on the terrace—an occupation rendered somewhat difficult by the multitude of ottomans, chairs, tables, &c. of every imaginable sort, which crowded the room,—not a very convenient fashion certainly, especially with regard to this pacing up and down, which is a kind of occupation to idle people; but it *was* the fashion, and that reconciled the Count to it. Presently he glanced at the clock, stepped to the window, and looked rather crossly towards Engelberg; then seeing the little maiden sitting like the nymph of the fountain among a clump of arum lilies, he called her.

“Corona!”—she ran up to him,—“where is Regina?”

“She will be here directly, dear father.”

“Now, how can you tell that, when she is not back yet?”

“Because you told her to be back by seven, father,” said the child, simply.

Regina came into the room as she spoke, kissed her father's hand, and gave a smile and a nod to her little sister.

* This story is a free translation (abbreviated) from a beautiful tale of the Countess Hahn-Hahn.

"Run back to the garden, Corona;" and the Count motioned his eldest daughter to a chair, and began:

"Regina, I have been considering matters, and I have decided not to send you back to the *Sacré Cœur*. You are seventeen now; time to have done with lessons, and to see something of the world. Aunt Isabella will continue living with us, and I must get a governess for Corona. Why, you have been at the convent ever since your poor mother died—five years, I declare; and if you stayed longer, you would get no good there. I should have you coming back with notions I have no fancy for; you would be wishing to stop there altogether, and I can't have that."

"No, dear father, I should never wish that."

"No! Come, that's good news; I began to be afraid you had a fancy for a convent-life."

"*Afraid*, father dear?"

"To be sure; I can't stand romantic whims."

"But you do not call it a whim to want to serve God?"

"What else do you call it?" he said sharply.

"I thought," was the gentle answer, "that it was a duty."

"Regina, do not provoke me."

Just then the Angelus-bell rang at Engelberg; she stepped back, and turned towards the church. While she prayed quietly and reverently, the Count looked at her.

"Where does the girl get her beauty from, I wonder?" he said to himself; "her poor mother had none of it."

His daughter's beauty consoled the good Count; and when she gently begged his pardon, if she had vexed him, he said:

"My child, you must get clear notions of things. You said you had no wish to stay at the *Sacré Cœur*, and now you speak as if you were hankering after a convent."

She summoned all her courage, and said:

"My wish is to go to the Carmelites, dear father."

"Carmelites! who are they? where do they live? what do you know about them?"

"Only that with them I could learn to love and serve God alone."

"Nonsense, Regina; the Fathers over there have put this in your head. I won't have you going to them to confession any more; you can go to Uncle Levin, and not so often. What on earth you can have to confess every Saturday, I can't conceive. Carmelites indeed! And may I ask if they are like those new-fangled orders where they feed and teach beggars? or perhaps they are beggars themselves? I saw a couple when I fetched you home from the *Sacré Cœur* going

from house to house with an alms-box, and they told me one of them was a rich countess! A pretty fool her father must be to let her make herself into a beggar-woman!"

He stopped to take breath, and Regina said:

"Dear father, you said yesterday that singers and dancers were made countesses and princesses nowadays; if rank counts for so little that actresses can gain it, why may not persons of noble birth give it up if they like?"

"Why? because one scandal does not justify another. I don't quarrel with the stage-princesses; on the contrary, they are charming in the theatre, but let them stay there: and so let the ladies of birth and standing keep to *their* sphere, and not run about the streets begging."

"Well, dear father, the Carmelites do not beg."

"I will hear nothing about them; and recollect, Regina, no more confessing at Engelberg, and no going back to the *Sacré Cœur*. I shall take you about, and show you the world; that will cure you of these overstrained notions, and keep Corona from catching them. Now, you understand?"

"Yes, father dear." And she kissed his hand, and left the room as calmly and cheerfully as if all these arrangements were just what she most wished.

"A capital girl!" said the Count, looking after her. "Now she is disappointed in her heart, I know, not to go back to the *Sacré Cœur*, and not to go on confessing to the good tedious old gentleman over the water; and yet, not a look of annoyance—not a word of objection—not one single tear over the business! Dear, dear! how her poor mother did worry me with her tears!—for what is a man to do when a woman begins to cry? A splendid girl, Regina! I can't have her turned into a nun. I wonder what the little one's notions may be."

He stepped out on the terrace. The western sky was all flushed with the sunset-glow, while in the east the pale stars began to show themselves. A gray shade hung over the landscape: only the monastery still caught the rosy warmth, and the river gleamed like silver between its darkening banks.

Corona was leaning on the balustrade of the terrace. As she heard steps on the gravel, she turned round, and running to her father, said, in that ringing voice of a thoroughly happy child:

"O father dear, it is so sweet here!"

"That's right, little one. So you don't want to go into a convent, like Regina?"

"Oh, no!—I want to stay in the world; it's such a beautiful world."

"Little goose!" said the Count, laughing; "and what will you do in the world?"

"Oh," she said, "I will serve God in it."

Count Windeck immediately went back to the house, to the lights and the newspapers, muttering to himself about the *idée fixe* that his children seemed to have about serving God.

"I understand," he said to himself, "what the service of God means,—Low Mass, High Mass, and so on; but with these girls it is something more: I can't get into it. Do they mean that it is always praying? How that may be managed in a convent, I can't say; I only know it is out of the question in the world."

And the Count took up his papers.

And Regina? Regina had gone to the chapel, the dearest place in the castle to her. It was a very humble little chapel: not a trace there of the lavish expenditure which had furnished all the rest of the castle. The sanctuary-lamp and the altar-candlesticks were of common metal, the flower-vases of cheap glass; but the flowers were fresh and plentiful; and there were embroidered hangings, and all that a woman's hand could offer. And Regina never thought of the poverty of the chapel; she saw it with the eye of faith, bright with unearthly glory, and she missed no outward adornments. She laid two wreaths at the feet of the crucifix—one of pomegranates, the other of blue iris. The first spoke to her of her Saviour's sufferings, and of the fruits of grace hidden in His wounded Heart; and the deep-blue iris, of the sorrows of that mystical Lily, who stood with the seven swords in her heart beneath the Cross of her Son.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE LEVIN.

REGINA was not alone in the chapel. The same old man who had been her companion in the boat knelt there. Neither noticed nor disturbed each other, for both were at home, and alone with God.

This old man was the "Uncle Levin" of whom Count Windeck spoke to his daughter. He had been educated for the priesthood from the most unworthy motives; he was a younger son, and what better could be done for him? But he entered into it with an earnest desire to make himself worthy of his calling, and through life he had had but one master-passion, the love of God and of souls. He had been installed at first in a family benefice; but the chapter to which he belonged was broken up by the French wars and the changes consequent on them in Germany, and he had been obliged to return to his father's home for an asylum; and there he had found

the mission for which he had been destined. His fervent prayers, his patient loving labours, had obtained his mother's conversion at the eleventh hour. Seven years he had prayed and waited; they were the best years of his youth. It was a time of trial which only God knew. The poor old Countess was ending a life of vanity, and even worse, in the agonies of a lingering and mortal disease; her only society was furnished by a worldly *dame de compagnie*; her only occupation was listening to bad novels and hearing of the last Paris fashions. Her husband, whose irregular life had perhaps been the cause of hers, never troubled himself about her; he sought his pleasures elsewhere, and sometimes never saw her for years. Matthias, the eldest son, for whom Levin had always been neglected, was married, and living at a distance; and the younger son was scarcely welcome to his dying mother. But he had his reward. She died penitent, and reconciled to God; and her last words to Levin were, "If I see His Face one day, then, my child, I will thank you." And this was not all: the old Count arrived just before the end came; and the shock of witnessing those fearful sufferings was one from which he never recovered. But God gave the father's soul as well as the mother's to the prayers of the son; and soon the peace of the grave united the two who had been so utterly divided in life.

Then followed years of a different trial. Levin's brother was as careless as to religion as might be expected from his parents' example; and though sincerely attached to Levin, life was not easy for the latter under the sway of Countess Juliana, his brother's Protestant wife. It was harder still when Count Matthias fell at Waterloo, and Levin was thwarted and harassed in his guardianship of the two boys by his cold unsympathetic sister-in-law. In due time Damian and Gratian offended her mortally by choosing two portionless sisters as their brides; so she took her revenge by leaving Windeck (greatly to the relief of the two young wives, who were in constant terror of her), and, like many a clever woman before her, perpetrated a wonderful piece of folly at last. She married a retired lieutenant, much younger than herself. This proceeding she characteristically endeavoured to represent as a magnanimous act of self-sacrifice. "She had lived for others too long to be able to live for herself now: she did not so much expect to find as to give happiness," &c. &c.

So the brothers and their children lived together at Schloss Windeck, with Uncle Levin for their guardian angel; and when an infectious fever made Gratian's three boys orphans, Damian and his gentle Cunigunda took them for their own. Regina was like a sister to Uriel, Orest, and Hyacinth; but her father fully intended her to be something more to the first, and Cunigunda shared her husband's

wishes, for it had been her dead sister's pet scheme. Uriel was as dear as a son to both; and when little Corona was born she was all the more welcome for her sex: a son would have robbed Uriel of his rights.

After a few more years Count Damian's gentle wife died, and there was sorrow in Windeck such as had never been known there. The banks of the river were crowded with genuine mourners as the coffin was borne across the water to the family-vault at Engelberg. In the eighteen years she had lived at Windeck her heart had been often heavy and sad; but she had always had a kind word for all, and no one who came to her in sorrow had ever left her un comforted. Things went on at the castle, but in a mechanical lifeless fashion. Now that she was gone, all saw how, in her quiet, humble, loving way, she had been the life of the house. When he first saw his children in their deep mourning Count Damian kissed them passionately, exclaiming, "What will become of you without a mother!" And Regina whispered, "Take comfort, dear father; God's dear Mother is ours too." He almost envied the child her faith and trust; and then, as men of his stamp often do, because he reproached himself with having so often grieved Cunigunda in matters of religion, he resolved to make it up to her, so to speak, in her children, and to send them to a convent-school.

"Only not to Vienna, Uncle Levin. You must inquire about the *Sacré Cœur*; poor Cunigunda often spoke of that. I have three objections to Vienna."

"And what are they?" asked his uncle.

The answer was characteristic:

"First, it is so far off; next, poor dear Cunigunda had not a true Parisian accent in speaking French, and she and her sister were brought up in Vienna; and lastly, I should like to keep the girls clear of a certain German sentimentality, a sort of overstrained way of looking at things, which would be sure to be found in a German convent."

Levin smiled:

"All religious orders which undertake the education of the young do so in the same spirit. It is with all of them, 'Suffer the children to come to Me.' But, dear Damian, there are imperfections in every human action, and a weak side to every character. Promise me not to expect too much, and not to lay the blame of every future shortcoming on the convent-education, and then I will make inquiries at once. You know the nuns of the *Sacré Cœur* are famous for turning out brilliant women of the world."

"The very thing!" cried Damian. "Depend upon it, uncle, if

that is the line the children take, you will have me become *entête* for the *Sacré Cœur*. But how dull, how unbearably dull it will be without them!"

As if Levin did not know it!—the children were his one delight; but he said, consolingly:

"It was settled long ago that the two boys must go; and we shall have Hyacinth for the present."

Poor Count Damian! He travelled about—went from one watering-place to another; spent one winter in Paris, another in Vienna; and when the holidays brought his sons, as he called them, to Windeck, the place was alive again. And the chilling influence of the world told on him in this aimless, superficial life. What little he had learned from Cunigunda—from her warm heart and pure spirit—was lost in the self-worship of egotism; and this was the state of things when he announced his intention of showing "something of the world" to his daughter Regina.

Literary Notices.

MISS CARPENTER ON OUR CONVICTS.*

MISS CARPENTER's labours in connection with reformatories are so well known to all who have turned their attention to the subject of the "perishing and dangerous classes," that a book from her pen treating of convicted criminals is sure at once to attract notice. As the space at our disposal is so limited, we shall confine ourselves almost entirely to a brief account of what will be found in her pages.

After an introduction, in which the claims of our convicts to attention are set forth, we are met with the question, What are they like? They are much more formidable than the isolated inmates of an ordinary gaol; much more repellent than the wretched creatures brought up before a police-court. It cannot be denied that they are worse. The absence of any good or hopeful expression, the general air of settled wickedness, leaves only so much variation of expression as allows speculation on the particular class of criminals. Are they coiners, burglars, garotters, or murderers? This special population, inhabiting a well-constructed and scrupulously clean edifice, is compacted into a solid mass of crime. The sight of the file coming from morning worship can never be forgotten; so dogged, so crafty, so malignant do they look. Will they be any different when they again reënter the world? If not, what may be expected at their hands?

Now who are these people, flesh and blood like ourselves? and how came they to be convicts? Not all at once could they have become the slaves of sin. What was the nature of the temptation, what the circumstances which plunged them into such a depth of wretchedness? This can only be learnt by picking out individual cases, and endeavouring to learn how far the unhappy criminal, how far a careless and selfish society was to blame. Sadly incomplete must such inquiries be. But Miss Carpenter has carefully collected numerous histories, to which we must refer our readers. Here is a brief account of an offender, given by himself to the chaplain of a gaol: "I was sent to gaol for two months, when a boy, for stealing a loaf of bread, and no one cared for me. I walked to the seaport, but in vain. I tramped, sore-footed, thousands of miles when I was a lad, in order to get honest employment, but it did not answer. I was tempted to steal. I stole. I was imprisoned; I was sent to Bermuda. I have learnt the trade of a professional thief, and now I intend to follow it. I believe all philanthropy to be a mockery, and religion to be a delusion, and I care neither for

* *Our Convicts.* By Mary Carpenter. London, 1865.

God nor man. The gaol, penal servitude, and the gallows are all the same to me."

Here is another case which came within Miss Carpenter's personal knowledge. A woman came to her in deep grief, to ask how she might learn any particulars of a son who had lately committed suicide in a convict prison. The poor mother told her story, how she had made an unhappy marriage, her husband being drunken and cruel. The child early showed signs of great irritability, and of a violent uncontrollable temper. "The poor have not the means of correcting such a disposition which are within reach of the rich." They cannot change the scene, place the boy under proper control at a boarding-school, or engage a special tutor. "What can a poor mother do with a wilful rebellious boy, when she has her own household work to attend to, her family to manage, and, besides, a heartless drunken husband, who, far from controlling his son, sets before him a bad example?" The lad got into gaol for some months, came out worse than he went in, and was eventually sent to the Juvenile Prison at Parkhurst, where he conducted himself in such a violent, audacious manner, that he was passed to a convict prison. There, unable to endure the confinement and solitude, he put an end to his life.

A third case is that of D—. He had vicious associates as a lad, but professed an intention of emigrating. Persisting in first visiting his native city, and having 2*l.* in his pocket,—more money than he had ever before possessed,—he fell in with his old companions, spent it nearly all, and barely left himself enough to proceed to Liverpool. There he drank, behaved otherwise badly, and then disappeared with a large sum of money from his lodgings. Was next heard of in gaol, subsequently enlisted, and again got into prison. From the first days of his ragged-school life, when his wild appearance and close-cropped hair suggested a recent sojourn in gaol, to his last appearance as a government convict, his life had been a series of sins and disgraces. "Yet he was not hopelessly bad, for he has been now for some years in the army in a distant colony, doing well. He has ever retained the most grateful remembrance of the kindness which was shown him, and of the instructions he received in the school, which at the time seemed like seed sown on stony ground, which would never bear fruit."

Such are three representative convicts. "What," asks Miss Carpenter, "would any of the children of the upper classes become if so tossed about in the world?" Others, of course, there are of a different stamp,—men of education, who have yielded to temptation, to self-indulgence, to desire for popularity, to a love of external show, and a recklessness of the means of gratifying it. But such are exceptions to the mass. This wickedness lies at their own door, or that of their families. It is with the crime that is engendered, like malaria, in low places, that we have to do; with its nature, conditions, and means of cure.

Still sadder is the chance of female children. A girl committed to prison is exposed to association with bad people, of whom only a small

proportion will ever regain a place in society; and the convict women themselves shudder to see her come among them. At Bristol astonishment was created a year and a half ago at the committal for four years' penal servitude of a young girl of thirteen. She had stolen various articles of property from her mistress, which were restored by *her own father*; yet though it was her first offence, she was prosecuted, and condemned by a jury. The Secretary of State, however, obtained for her a conditional pardon from the Crown, to enable her to be sent to a reformatory instead of to a convict-prison. Nor is the training to vice always accidental. Female Fagans exist; the mother of one of the reformatory scholars in Bristol having boasted that she had trained at least fifty girls to be pickpockets. She lived at inns with these wretched girls, dressed as young ladies, and travelled with them in first-class carriages. This woman complained to a lady who had obtained admission for her two daughters into an asylum, that she should be deprived of their services, which was unjust, as she had gone to great expense in having them trained by a first-rate London pickpocket!

Miss Carpenter then enters on the English convict-system as at present administered, which dates from the discontinuance of transportation, owing to the refusal of our colonies, except Western Australia, to receive our refuse population from the hands of the home government. Our system professes to be reformatory; and as it by no means answers, it has created a certain amount of prejudice against the principle of reformatory schools, apparently under the erroneous supposition that the same leading features exist in them as in the government-prisons. The term "reformatory system" in reference to the convict-prisons is inapplicable. Not only have they entirely failed in effecting reformation in their inmates, but the principles on which they are conducted are totally at variance with those, of which the soundness has been tested by the important experiments of the managers of reformatories. As regards industry, Miss Carpenter says that competent witnesses express their opinion that there is not half as much work done in a day by a convict as would be performed by an ordinary labourer; as regards schooling and divine worship, we are actually informed by a director that the schooling at the public works would be better done away with, and that a great objection is felt to the evening-service at the chapel, as being rather mischievous than otherwise! Moreover, the system has attracted the attention of a French writer, M. de Marsangy, Conseiller de la Cour Impériale de Paris. In his work entitled *De l'Amélioration de la Loi Criminelle*, he specifies several reasons why the English method of dealing with convicts is notably defective: such as, the uncertainty and insufficiency of the punishment; the impossibility of ascertaining the previous career of the accused (so that the said punishment may be proportioned to their incorrigibility); and lastly, "*la déplorable exécution donnée à la mesure des tickets of leave.*" And again, "*le rapport de la commission royale de 1863 prouve que le système pénitentiaire anglais a été énérvé au delà de toute expression.*"

That the present ticket-of-leave system has in England failed, is generally acknowledged. Miss Carpenter believes that it is chiefly to be attributed to the want of a provision for the regular police supervision of all prisoners who are thus conditionally discharged. And the question of police supervision involves much in it little consonant with the tone of English feeling; and has thus excited considerable discussion. A *résumé* of replies to inquiries made by our Government to many Courts of Europe was published by the Committee on Transportation in 1856. This information is reprinted by Miss Carpenter; and the reader will find short proof of the general acceptance of the principle, that discharged prisoners should be placed under special surveillance, and of the carrying of it out in Belgium, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, Nassau, Baden, the Hanse Towns, Wurtemberg, Sweden, Norway, and Tuscany.

Into the extensive subject of transportation we will not enter in these pages. Miss Carpenter devotes to it a long chapter, the last in her first volume; and half of her second is devoted to the history and working of the Irish convict-system, of which she is a warm adherent. We will turn to the "female convicts," concerning whom she has recorded many suggestive details.

The inquirer into the condition of female convicts will soon discover many special circumstances which apply to them only. In the first place, they are much fewer in number than the males. In the United States it is rare to see women in prison, and in our own country the proportion is not usually one-third of the whole number of convicts. Thus, the women in our prisons are very bad indeed, or they would hardly have got there; and they generally, "perhaps always," spring from a social level of the lowest description. During an acquaintance of sixteen years with the very lowest families that could be brought under the notice of a City missionary, a master of a ragged school, only one case of a woman being in prison had ever been heard of among them. But among the girls in a reformatory many cases of wretched mothers in prison were disclosed. Thus Miss Carpenter has been led to believe that such women belong to a "pariah class." She also says that, while in the upper ranks the intellects of girls are seen to develop more rapidly than those of boys, and in good schools for the labouring classes there is an equality between them, in the lowest ranks of all the girls cannot be induced to learn, while boys show positive pleasure in the culture of their minds. When this stolid ignorance is combined with strong passions, the result is very awful, and reformation from a vicious career next to impossible.

To make the slightest impression on such natures, firm steady control, and a strict and vigilant discipline, and an abundance of useful active work is necessary. The importance of these have been fully proved in reformatories for girls: they are even more essential to women; and no labour, no expense should be deemed too great to secure them. Miss Carpenter cites two instances, which came within her personal knowledge, of the enormous cost to society of a bad wo-

man who is a mother. Mrs. L—— was left a widow with three sons and three daughters. These latter were all in gaol together some ten years ago; while the elder brother was under a ten years' sentence in Parkhurst Juvenile Prison, the second boy also in prison, and the youngest in the workhouse. This was the eighth conviction of her three girls, of whom the youngest was only fifteen! The two younger daughters were finally rescued, and emigrated; but the eldest is still in prison. The youngest boy was maintained for some years in a workhouse industrial school, but ran away and was lost sight of. The second boy, after five or six imprisonments, was placed in a reformatory, and is now reported to be doing well in Australia. The eldest son, having been discharged with a ticket-of-leave from Parkhurst, and his conduct having been good there, his fare was paid to enable him to emigrate. But he left the ship, returned to the scene of his former life, and after living at large on the fruits of crime for some weeks, he was taken up for burglary, convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. Thus for many years the whole of Mrs. L——'s large family were supported by the tax-payers, and some members are so still.

The other case was that of two young girls, brought from gaol to a refuge, in the hopes of saving them from their mother. The youngest daughter, sent as a voluntary to a distant reformatory, was followed and removed by her parent. This girl and a brother soon got into trouble again, were arrested, and sent, under sentence for five years, to reformatories. Even there the mother's evil influence pursued her; and when at last her period of detention expired, she carried her off to plunge her again into crime, from which she has only been stopped by a sentence of six years' penal servitude! The elder daughter in the mean time first corrupted all the girls in the refuge, taught them various methods of picking pockets, and then went out to practise them again. She pursued her trade so successfully that, being a good daughter, she *six* times, as she once told a lady, set her mother up in business!

Miss Carpenter proceeds to describe the system adopted in England for female convicts, as derived from official sources—how all such are first sent to Millbank, where they go through two stages of discipline; then to Brixton, where they go through the more stages of discipline; and then a proportion of them come to Fulham, and go through two stages. These three prisons work together, but the system carried out in them is far from satisfactory. The discipline is not sufficiently steady; the staff of officials is not adequate; the prisoners are not made clearly enough to understand that their future prospects depend on their own good conduct; there is not enough active employment provided for the women after they have passed through the first and solitary stage.

We must forbear from speaking of the manner in which these difficulties are met in the Irish convict-prisons. Miss Carpenter has reprinted in the volume now under notice an article first published in

Once a Week, describing her own visit to Golden Bridge. We must content ourselves also with a passing reference to the interesting chapters, with which the work concludes, on the improvements suggested by the authoress with regard to our present prison-system, the principles on which sentences are given, and the means by which crime may be prevented; such as temperance, reformatories, industrial schools, and last, but not least, the *coöperation of society*.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON'S HOLY LAND.*

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON is a practised and skilful penman, and, as such, is tolerably sure to make a good book upon any subject that he may take up, provided that he has materials enough to work upon; and he seems also to have the faculty of making a little, in this respect, go a good way. We cannot gather from the two goodly volumes which he has produced on the Holy Land that his acquaintance with it has been of any long duration. But he gives us all that he saw in very forcible and attractive language, and has the happy knack of making us feel as if we were in Syria with him; almost as if we felt the heat, the glare, the thirst, of his ride, for instance, amid the "hill country" of Judah. He gives pictures of scenery, when he does give them, better than most travellers who have written on the same subjects; and yet the travellers in Palestine who have published books on their return during the last twenty or thirty years have not only been very numerous, but have made themselves, in some cases, great and lasting reputations by their works. To speak only of one of the latest, Dean Stanley's descriptions, graphic as they are, are more laboured than those of Mr. Dixon: the latter has none of the dash and coolness of the "model Englishman" about him, while the Dean seldom shakes off completely the academical and literary style. But of course the work before us is quite slight and ephemeral in comparison with Dean Stanley's volume. Mr. Dixon gives us a good deal more of modern Syria; the Bedaween, the aga, the pasha, the monks, the peasantry themselves, are all admirably sketched, though there is something too much of the air of a "*Times* Special Correspondent" about the whole to make us feel that it is entirely trustworthy.

The special characteristic of the book is the great admixture of the historical element. Mr. Dixon tells us that it is in a good measure the fruit of reading his camp Bible (with the help of Philo and Josephus) on the spots which it describes. We suspect, however, that his acquaintance with Philo and Josephus was made before his expedition to the East, and that the notes which have been enlarged into the historical chapters have been at the best looked over on the scene of so many wonderful events. A good deal of scenic colouring has been thrown over the narrative, and that seems to be all. We have a rather long account of the Maccabees and their rising, made no doubt more graphic and telling by the author's visit to Modin and its neighbour-

* *The Holy Land*. By W. Hepworth Dixon. 2 vols. London, 1865.

hood; but Mr. Dixon's account of the tendency and influence of the national movement which took its origin from that part of Judea is often far from accurate. It is hardly fair to put it forth in its present form, without references and authorities, in a way that might induce the unwary reader to believe that every detail here given is of equal authority with the rest. Then we have, in the second volume, what almost amounts to a life of our Lord, and a history of Judea under the Herodian princes and the Roman procurators. The brilliancy of the sketch, and the Oriental air thrown over it, might be envied by M. Renan. Mr. Dixon is not by any means amenable to all the grave charges that have been brought against the French writer; but he has not always been superior to the temptation of improving on the Gospel narrative. He mixes up his own conjectures far too much with what is certain from the Evangelists, and does not always adhere to their order. The book therefore may be useful to those who can correct it for themselves, but for others it is untrustworthy; though the power of the author in telling a story graphically cannot be questioned, and he is sometimes very happy in a conjecture or a minute touch. The whole history of Herod Antipas and Herodias, the flight of the daughter of Aretas, the reproval of the adulterous king by St. John the Baptist, and the banquet-scene which ended in his murder, is a good instance of his ability. As an instance of a happy touch, we may notice his account of the question of Nathanael of Cana,—Can any good thing come out of Nazareth,—“*with the local feeling of a neighbour*,” Cana and Nazareth being four or five miles apart, and probably in some sense rivals. It seems to give a new meaning to the words. There are many such passing remarks in these volumes. The whole work is in some respects a most provoking one: its author displays qualities so much too valuable to be wasted upon a mere book of the season, and yet, though he has a great amount of information and erudition on the subject of Jewish antiquities and the history of Gospel times, it is used in so negligent a way as to be almost useless.

On one set of subjects Mr. Dixon shows, ordinarily, great good sense and judgment. He does not question the sites; and in this respect he but anticipates, we feel sure, the verdict that will be more and more universally pronounced as men of learning become more and more really acquainted with the Holy Land and its inhabitants. Mr. Dixon in one place disposes of Robinson—a great enemy of old sites—with the simple remark, “Unhappily for his purpose, Robinson could not speak a word of Arabic, and he had consequently no means of asking the natives a single question, or of sifting the evidence of any story that he might be told” (vol. i. p. 338). In this case Robinson had argued against the old site of Cana of Galilee because he *thought* he heard a native call another place Kana-el-Jeuil. One of Mr. Dixon's best chapters is that in which he proves the truth of the traditional site of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and its probable identity with the house of Jesse and, afterwards, Chimham, and the inn of Jeremiah.

The argument is simply drawn from the knowledge which an Oriental traveller gains about the Syrian towns, which, if not larger than Bethlehem, would never have more than one khan, or inn, which would, with almost absolute certainty, stand just where the shrine has been visited,—certainly, since the time of St. Helena; between whom and St. Justin Martyr, who was familiar with the spot, only about a century intervened. We trust that we may take Mr. Dixon's conclusions on this and other similar questions as an indication that common sense is gradually beginning to prevail over the absurd desire to criticise every tradition, which Robinson made fashionable, and from which even Dr. Stanley is certainly not free.

Mr. Dixon's account of modern Syrian life and politics, as far as he came across them, is as picturesque and striking as any part of his volumes; but we must forbear to speak on this point. We hardly know whether his countrymen will thank him for his great fondness for comparing them with the Turks. He even tells us—and it is in an account of the Holy Sepulchre—that “the beautiful Moslem service in St. Sophia—simple, fervid, pathetic”—is “a service chaste and decorous to eye and ear as that of an English abbey or cathedral church.” He goes on: “A common feeling for the decencies of public worship—a sovereign power of tolerating rival creeds—are but two out of a hundred points in which there seems to be an approach of character between the Saxon and the Turk.” This resemblance, he says, is perceived by the Syrian. “A Syrian notices that a Turk is never mean; that he never lies or goes away from his pledge; that he is personally brave; that he is haughty yet reserved, masterful yet kind; that he speaks few words; that when pressed by danger, he will fight rather than parley. And does he not find the same things in a Saxon?” Again, a few lines further on: “Many a smart Arab in Palestine believes that we English are Moslems, of a Western sect, as the Persians are Moslems of an Eastern sect; whom pride alone prevents from kneeling in the mosques of a humbler and darker race. A clever Bey, who spoke French very well, said to me, in substance, ‘You English are not Nazareans. I have watched you very closely, and you have none of the signs by which we know them. If you meet a bishop, you do not dismount from your horse until he is gone. When you pass a Greek or a Latin priest in the streets, you never make the cross. You never kneel before idols. When you are at prayer, you neither screech in the voice, nor foam at the mouth, nor bump your head against the wall. When you walk into the Holy Sepulchre, you do not kiss the great stone at the door; you neither light a candle, nor tear your hair, nor begin to fight. You smile at the Christian singers; you part them when they quarrel; you pity them, just like an Arab. When I go up to your grand house on Mount Zion, what do I see? A mosque. You build no minaret; for every Englishman keeps a muezzin in his pocket to tell him the time of prayer: but you have built a mosque. A Nazarene church is painted with pictures, and lighted with candles when it is day: a wax image on this side, a wooden image on that;

with friars carrying dolls, and young men tinkling bells. You have no pictures and candles, no images and bells. You have no friars on Mount Zion. Your priest does not shave his head, nor wear any gown. Your house has no cross on the top. Your priest is a mollah, and your people pray like the Moslem.' " Mr. Dixon tells us that this observant Bey meant his remarks as the very highest compliment; which is not so wonderful as that they should seem to have been received as such.

THE BUCKLYN SHAIG.*

CRIME must be on the increase, if it be true that the manners of the day are reflected faithfully in its literature. Some statistical society should overhaul our novelists, and set down to each his or her proper amount of murders within the year. The twelve months on the last of which we are now entering have been, we think, unusually sanguinary. Of course in every novel there are a certain number of characters to be got rid of. They must move off, in order that the "young people" may arrive at their desired bliss. One of the most celebrated instances of this is at the close of *Rob Roy*, when the whole set of the Osbaldiston brothers is killed off in a page, in order that the impediments between the marriage of the hero with Diana Vernon may be removed. That was certainly not the most skilful stroke of the pen of the great Magician of the North. In ordinary cases disease shares with violence the power of extermination. But even disease may be too frequently called in. In some of the more faintly-coloured stories of the *Heir-of-Redclyffe* school, the characters seem almost to take it in turn to go to bed, though of course comparatively few never rise again. If the best novels are those which are most like ordinary life, in which startling and violent catastrophies are rare, it would seem to argue a want of skill in the writer to be always drawing on the bank of extraordinary occurrences. But there has been a great "recklessness of human life" of late; as if the war-fever which has saturated so many fields in America with blood had infected our literary coteries. Even Mr. Trollope, who has invented a way of his own—or rather, been content with the natural way—of moving off his characters by simply dismissing them with a line,—“Here we have done with Mr. So-and-so,”—even he has not let his last villain, George Vavasor, vanish across the Atlantic without first attempting the life of Mr. Grey. This is a sign of progress not to be mistaken. He had already arrived at a peer's life being endangered by a mad bull, and a black-eye given to one prominent character by another at the Paddington station: in his next serial perhaps we may have a poisoning or two. But when Mr. Trollope attempts murder, who can wonder if the "sensationalists" kill off two or three characters in a chapter?

The author of the novel before us has many very promising quali-

* *The Bucklyn Shaig*: a Tale of the Last Century. By the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery. 2 vols. London, 1865.

ties, and there is no reason why she should not hereafter attain the highest success. She conceives and draws character with penetration and delicacy. Her scenes are well arranged and gracefully described. She has an eye for natural beauty, and has evidently considerable command of the resources which literature and foreign travel place at the disposal of a novelist. Her line of thought is pure and high, and, most happily, she does not make her readers shut their ears against her by preaching at them. The main plan of her work is admirable, and there is no single character on her canvas that is not worth a study, and that has not been skilfully traced in its influences on the rest as well as in its intrinsic features. And here and there we come upon touching scenes, and still oftener upon bits of writing which put a charming picture before us. We shall open any future work of Mrs. Montgomery's with high anticipations of pleasure, and with a certainty of finding that the best and purest functions of a writer of fiction have not been neglected by her.

If we speak thus of Mrs. Montgomery's future, it is not because the *Bucklyn Shaig* itself is in any sense a failure. It is, in reality, a very good novel; but we think that it has defects as a story which are chiefly to be traced to the exaggeration of the sensational element in it. A castle with an old well hidden under the floor of one of its rooms, into which murdered corpses can be thrown; an Italian valet, ready to murder the guest who has ruined the master of the castle at play; a young gentleman who poisons his sister by mistake, when he was about to murder his cousin; the lord of the castle aforesaid, who can allow his valet to suggest, and then execute, the first murder, and help him to throw the body down the well; the Bucklyn Shaig itself, a phantom supposed to appear from time to time as crimes are committed or misfortunes happen, in the shape of the Author of Evil riding behind a wicked ancestor of the family along a certain part of the road;—all these are elements which belong more properly to the Mrs. Radcliffe period of literature. No doubt, in order to bring out the healing influence of Teresa, the most beautiful character in the book, on her father, it was necessary that the latter should have his conscience burthened and his life darkened by some great secret crime; but this is hardly enough to justify the copious use made of melodramatic machinery, especially in the whole development of the character of Robert, who attempts his cousin's life once before the final scene in which she escapes him by chance, and in which his sister dies. The "Bucklyn Shaig" itself might also have been omitted with advantage; it has no real part in the story, and only serves to make it less like actual life. Probably we owe this feature in the tale to some accident of local connection; as many of the Italian scenes seem rather to have been adapted to the story than written for it. They are very pleasingly drawn. Here and there we observe inaccuracy or carelessness, as when the Pope is made to give his benediction from the balcony at *St. Peter's* on the Feast of the Assumption. The authoress speaks of the many "acts of attainder" that had gradually worn away the wide

possessions of the Clifford family: does she know what an "act of attainder" is? But these are mere occasional mistakes, only worth noticing in a writer like Mrs. Montgomery, because she is capable of the highest success in the line of fiction, and may therefore fairly be asked to spare no pains even in little matters of detail.

.GREY'S COURT.*

CHARLES GREY, the heir to Grey's Court, is brought up at home with his cousin Lora, it being understood that they are to be married as soon as the due time arrives. The estate has come to his father in consequence of an entail on the male line: for Lora was the only child of the elder brother. However, while they were still too young to marry, Charlie, as he is called throughout the novel, suddenly disappears, and is thought to be dead. He was last seen near a cliff overhanging the sea. Just at the same time another cousin, Audley Grey, appears on the scene: he is the heir in the case of Charlie's death, and after some time he succeeds not only in ingratiating himself with his uncle and aunt, but also in winning the affection and the hand of Lora. The first part of the novel before us is taken up with a diary of the latter, in which these changes, her own marriage, and subsequent misery in consequence are related. Audley is fascinating and clever, but unprincipled, and in the hands of low associates; he has also a secret which does not transpire till nearly the end of the novel. He becomes embarrassed, and makes away with his wife's money; and arouses her suspicions of him to such an extent, that she thinks he has been at all events an accomplice in the poisoning of her uncle, and that he has tried to get her removed in the same way. Of course, Charlie is not dead; he has fallen from the cliff, injured himself severely, been taken on board a smuggling vessel, and at last lodged in a French prison as a Bourbon spy. He remains faithful to his attachment to Lora, and after his return to England, is unwilling to declare himself as alive, that he may not interfere with her happiness. There are various turns in the story which we cannot here follow out; but at last, of course, Audley is removed from the scene,—killed in a duel,—and the novel ends by the union of Lora and Charlie. It turns out that Audley saw Charlie fall from the cliff, and might have saved him from being carried off, and had thus put himself in the power of the ruffians present. The tale is well written. Much pains have been bestowed on the delineation of the principal characters, Lora and Audley. Charlie is more slightly drawn. Some of the scenes are beautifully drawn; and the whole book has that complete and, we may almost say, scholastic air which might be expected from the editorship of Lady Chatterton. Its faults are, that the most prominent characters have something disagreeable about them, and that the story is told in a disjointed way, partly in the form of a long journal, partly in a simple narrative, with one or two long letters interspersed.

* *Grey's Court*. Edited by Georgina Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. Lond. 1865.

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"* Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of service was CHLORODYNE.—See *Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.

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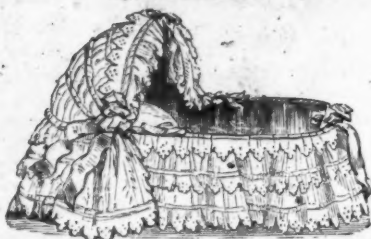
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